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POPERY & DESPOTISM

UNMASKED.

BY THOMAS SLATER.

1864.

MASON AND WIRTH, PRINTERS, MELBOURNE.

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POPERY AND DESPOTISM UNMASKED,

BY A LIGHT BEING THROWN ON THE TREASONABLE
ATROCITIES OF THE RETROGRADE PARTY ;

BEING

An Account of Some of the Insidious Crimes of **SECRET SOCIETIES**

AT PRESENT EXISTING IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA :

WITH A GLANCE AT THE

RISE, PROGRESS, AND DEMORALISING INFLUENCE OF
THE PAPACY, AND OTHER SECRET ORGANISATIONS,

THAT HAVE PLACED THEMSELVES ANTAGONISTIC TO THE LAW.

By THOMAS SLATER.

Melbourne :

MASON & FIRTH, PRINTERS, 51 & 53 FLINDERS LANE WEST.

MDCCLXIV.



P R E F A C E.

UNDOUBTEDLY the aim of the controllers of that network of secret organisations which at present exist throughout the British colonies and the United States of America is the re-establishment of that deceitful, cruel, clerical ascendancy, as it existed before our own glorious revolution and the French revolution. To accomplish this object, it was necessary to weaken the powerful liberal governments of Great Britain and America, which are the hope and asylum of unfortunate people struggling for true liberty; the government of our relatives, united with our own, was dangerous to despotism, from the intelligent devotion and strength of character of the populations, making that peculiarity which command success, and which is so largely found in the Anglo-Saxon race. These, with the wide field of colonies and dependencies, the fruit of our indomitable industry and valour, prognosticated the elevation of humanity, to prevent which result pretended friends to the British and American constitutions have coerced secret organisations to commit crime to a most fearful extent.

The glance at the rise to unjust power, and the great crimes committed to perpetuate that power by the Papacy I have published as a vindication of the truth of those principles that caused me to be hunted for my life, to be never lost sight of by the intolerant secret organization of the papacy; and for the fearful enunciation of those principles tens of thousands of heirs of civil and religious liberty, in the last twenty years, have been ruined and destroyed, specially in new settled districts, for there the papacy manœuvres to place the power in the hands of its cat's paws, who are connected by secret organizations with men of high church principles, or rather of those principles that enable them to live lazily and luxuriously. It is to unkennel these miscreants that I refer to atrocities committed in California and this country, and in the hope to see the Jesuit,

when found in new countries, placed without the pale of the law. And these criminals of secret societies should have no more claim on the law for protection than the suicide that throws himself down a precipice can look to that safe position for protection from which he has wilfully thrown himself.

I have shown some of the crimes committed by these miscreants in this and other lands, and these crimes have been perpetrated to a greater extent than the liberal governments of our own country and America are aware of. To throw some light on this organized system of murders and robberies has been my object. If I succeed in arousing the government and organized patriots to investigate these secret crimes my object is gained, and I remain a loyal adherent of those open and just laws enunciated by our wise constitution.

POPERY AND DESPOTISM UNMASKED.

ANY reflecting man who has watched the course of events for the last thirty years, must have observed the increasing power of "illegal secret societies," the great number of *mysterious* deaths, and the great number of agents of these secret societies, carrying on the hateful system of espionage, and bolstering the reputation of the agents of Popery, the arrogant pretensions of that monstrous *imperium in imperio*, and its wide-spread insidious efforts to regain its baneful influence on the Christian world. A great writer has observed, that, amongst the contrivances for deceiving and oppressing mankind, the polity of the Popish Church occupies the highest place. Many other writers say this oppressive and deceitful work is being done, but few attempt to tell how it is done. I have undertaken this duty, and I hope this sincere effort of a loyal Englishman, a lover of fair play, will be the means of putting a stop to those insidious atrocities, which are concocted and brought to maturity through the agency of secret societies. When a people possess the inestimable privileges of Constitutional Government, all secret societies should be put down with an iron hand, for they will always be controlled by a malignant faction, or foreign government, that has gold to employ them. We must not be deceived by Popish priests denouncing these societies, for the very existence of Popery is bound up with them. For the last thirty years, great numbers of causes have been actively at work in all liberal countries, to forward the interest of the retrograde party. The first is the re-organisation of the Jesuits, and the control of secret societies by its agents and by a system of espionage, proving stronger than the law by evading the law. The poor seldom reason, and any reflecting man who has been employed amongst numbers must have observed how easy the mass is led by secret terror, how easy they may be silenced to keep a secret; and thus in a new country made the cat's-paw for the greatest atrocities. It is the independent, unpaid magistracy, with the landed proprietor, that gives stability to the laws at home; but in a new country, destitute of the hereditary gentlemen, and where men are continually shifting, as a rule, each knows little of his neighbour, and leans on his acquaintance for an opinion. This gives the organized conspirators every advantage over the friendless men, wandering and struggling with

that self-reliance that characterizes our race. I am aware that great numbers of the Americans, agents of the Jesuits, as well as Britons, are cats'-paws for that infamous body in this country; and thousands of British Jesuits, and agents of such, are at work in the United States, committing the worst kinds of murders and robberies. Agents of this infamous body, men of third and fourth-rate talents, mostly lazy, cowardly, and pliable men, are bolstered into positions of all kinds, to work for one common purpose, (they keep men together, and yet in isolation, united for action, disunited in heart, concurring to the same end, though at war with one another). This class of men must be exterminated, for they have committed all those crimes for which wise and just nations have destroyed them without mercy. They have placed themselves out of the pale of the law, and no law-loving man but should rejoice at their destruction; then will the world learn, with astonishment, the great insidious crimes of the nineteenth century; how in the free countries of Britain and America, base, hypocritical men have revived the crimes of the slavish East, how secret societies abound, and medical miscreants have been found to prostitute their professions.

I have mentioned America, and our own country together, for Lord John Russell has observed truly, "that America is our natural ally, and the same insidious policy is at work in both countries, to exalt the papacy by undermining liberal institutions." The same control of secret organisations; the same kind of mysterious deaths caused by thuggism; the same atrocities caused by manufactured accidents; the same kind of villainous scheming to give an appearance to perjury; the same kind of superlative villains, acting as preachers of the Gospel; as medical miscreants, prostituting their professions; as coroners, not performing their duties properly; as magistrates, bolstered into that honorable position to prove false to that position; the same kind of lazy scoundrels, and female spies, decked out at the corner of the streets, and in stores and hotels, as agents, as waiters, as porters, &c., &c.; the same atrocious interference in business, to ruin the patriot and bolster the weak, or vile men that act as tools for the conspirators, as false friends, as false neighbors, as false servants, &c., &c.; the same kind of mercenary writers and orators, overflowing with lip loyalty—and in America, writing and speaking offensively of England—and in our own country, speaking and writing falsely of our American relatives, who have found homes for millions of our suffering countrymen, and protected their homesteads by that paternal but weak government, unfortunately destitute of the democratic aristocracy of England, but which the God-like Washington established as a guide to nations, to break those bonds which feudal tyranny, supported by selfish Popish superstition, had bound the bodies and souls of all those people, which an ignorant and credulous age had unwisely committed to their charge.

In 1849, the writer of this article went overland through America—from New York to San Francisco. Amongst different classes of men from different parts of the world, with liberal-minded and energetic native Americans from the Northern and Western States, with recent importations from Europe, tools of the Jesuits, held in terror by secret organisation and mutual espionage, who too often approach an American or loyal Briton with treachery in their hearts; having spoke, or heard men speak, with the Mormons, trading, or rafting in those early days, of crossing the Rocky Mountains with Lower Canadians trapping in those mountains, or the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, with Oregon farmers and hunters; as miners who, a few months before, were waging an exterminating war with the Cayuse Indians—to avenge the massacre of the Rev. Mr. Whitmore and family, whose murders could be traced by those brave men to the insidious lies of the Jesuits, whose secret organisations are the curse of those secluded regions as well as the populous city of Melbourne.

Mr. Whitmore was a Protestant missionary, who, accompanied by his wife, established a trading post amongst the Cayuse Indians in Oregon; many of these Cayuse Indians, like the Maories, are skilful farmers. Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore were very popular with them, for while the kind hearted missionary taught the most intelligent of the Indians the use of improved farming implements, Mrs. Whitmore gave advice and medicine to the sick; when any of the diseases prevalent amongst the whites broke out amongst the Indian, the dirty habits of the latter caused it to be very fatal. The measles broke out amongst these Indians, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore were unremitting in their attention to them, but many dying, the Indians suspected that they were poisoned by the medicines given by the good missionary and his wife. It was currently reported by the Oregon settlers of that day that it was the wicked arts of the Jesuits and Popish priests that poisoned the minds of the Indians against their benefactors. About the latter end of October, 1847, the Indians suddenly rushed on the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, and murdered them, and nearly all male whites in the vicinity. A war now commenced between the settlers and the Indians, in which great numbers of the latter were destroyed. Soon after news arrived in Oregon that gold was discovered in California, many Oregon settlers crossed the mountainous country for that locality. I spoke to several of these men about the massacre, and though they seemed afraid of the secret espionage, &c., yet they ascribed the murders to the Jesuit priests; and when we consider the insidious villainy that in all ages characterised Popery, we must come to the conclusion that the Oregon farmers were correct in their assertion.

After years of thought of what I have suffered, seen, and heard in the United States and our own colonies, after being in company of Americans nearly four years, and after nearly ten years' residence

in Australia, it has convinced me that a wide-spread conspiracy against liberal institutions exists in both countries, and every under-hand manœuvre that could be practised has been attempted to embroil the two countries. The most loyal to civil and religious liberty amongst Britons and Americans, where it could be done safely, have been insidiously murdered, or ruined, and this, principally, by their own countrymen, through the agency of secret organisation.

I will endeavour to show in the limited space I here occupy the plans the retrograde party adopt to cause those great numbers of mysterious deaths, a part of which we see almost daily in the newspapers. "I say a part of them, for after years of thought on the subject, and after hearing the opinion of men who never expected I was going to escape with what I knew, I am convinced that those victims of the Jesuit things in the British colonies and America must be counted by tens of thousands." I will show the cause of these atrocities, and a few of them, where the letter of the law is complied with by a farce that labored to prove nothing, and allows the parties who have been the cats' paws to escape, to be held in check by secret terrorism, until in a few years he passes away surrounded by agents of Jesuitism.

First, the great reaction of the civilised world against the infidel principles of the French revolution, causing good men to look on with apathy, while the Papacy with its arrogant pretensions reorganised the Jesuits, after that infamous body for its crimes had been formally dissolved by that very Papacy, amidst the abhorrence and contempt of the Christian world. This infamous body having got a footing in Britain and America, soon spread, and found in those countries great numbers of needy men, who, to keep a good appearance and lead an easy life, were ready to connive at any amount of crime. The Jesuits, with their far-seeing policy, bolstered these men as agents into lucrative positions, and in new countries placed these cats' paws as preachers of the Gospel, as magistrates, coroners, returning officers, and police officers; thus the door is closed against justice, and a spurious respectability is manufactured, which acts as a screen to the atrocities of the retrograde party. Then while Jesuit agents control secret society, to commit and connive at crime, a part of the retrograde priesthood will be speaking against these secret organisations as the pastoral of the Popish Bishop of Beverley in April, 1852, mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Rule. This pastoral, I have every reason to believe, was circulated to mislead the British public. The causers, concoctors, and agents of the Popish Church were using the very same societies they were speaking against to forward their wicked and selfish ends. This I had some knowledge of in 1851 at Nevada, in California, and from what I observed at San Francisco in 1852, and every year since, has convinced me of its truth.

It is now about twelve years ago since I came to the conclusion that great numbers of medical men were prostituting their professions, and every year since has convinced me I was right. Then there is scarcely a family or business house in the colony that I have seen but what has some spy on its movements. These movements are reported to certain quarters, and by the knowledge gained by this process men are fortunate or unfortunate. The Jesuitical body in the British colonies and America insidiously interfere with business, especially as book-keepers. By this means they get at the secrets of men's affairs. Secret societies will always be controlled by the most unprincipled.

A secret society within a secret society is a few of the initiated who control the many by the public and secret doctrine, and the oath of unconditional obedience to unknown superiors to serve the ends of the order, is the worst kind of despotism that can occur in any country. It places the lives and fortunes of the most patriotic men at the mercy of the enemies of their country. These organisations are the greatest curse to a newly settled country with a weak government ; for when controlled by conspirators, it gives these men an advantage over the rest of the community by having the power to connive at crime. This I have observed in this country and America. Nearly fourteen years ago, in some wild districts of America, I had opportunities to learn that men were demoralising society, murdering, and protecting murderers ; that these men (few in number in comparison to the rest of the community) gave secret signs to each other, by drawing their left hand over the the lower part of the face, or worked the fingers under the chin, and in the throat. I watched the parties using these signs for years, and always found them working secretly in connection with the Papists. In 1853 I settled in Victoria, and it was with pleasure I observed that few gave this secret sign ; but when the conspirators were actively at work throughout the colony to render the late Sir Charles Hotham unpopular, and make him pay the penalty of his life for his ancestor opposing that lying Jesuitical king Charles the First ; then, when slandering spies were sneaking at the bars of public-houses, auction rooms, &c., I was aware that this sign was practised by a greater number, seeing that many of them were mere lads, and were unthinkingly forwarding the cause of despotism and Popery. I was speaking of bringing this matter before the public, when to my astonishment I saw numbers of respectable men giving this secret sign, men who were an honor to their country as far as business habits go ; these men, no doubt, have been put forward to give signs to screen the miscreants, who have been murdering and spying under this sign, to forward the cause of despotism and Popery. And thus loyal men have been deceived into good faith, by the fair exterior of a beneficent philanthropical form, like the greater number of the members of the celebrated lodge or house of science, at Cairo, from which, in the middle ages,

those secret societies of assassins sprung, which for two centuries, under the mask of a more austere creed and severer morals, insulted mankind in a manner *unique in history, until the avenging sword of Moslem and Christian exterminated them as enemies to the human race. This secret sign is now used by the honest tradesman and by the pickpocket, by the virtuous matron and by the common prostitute, and even children I have seen using it ; but this does not clear that secret body from the many atrocious deeds committed under this sign in the British colonies and America ; it only shows that a few unprincipled men can organise a community to go one way, and not know where they are going, as easy as the practised fowler with one decoy can allure the many to destruction. The retrograde party creates the cause to produce the effect, whether it is a case of temporary derangement, caused by drugged alcohol or depression of spirits caused by losses in business ; then, by their finished system of espionage they know each patriot's true position, what friends he has, and if it is considered feasible to ruin or murder him ; slander is set afloat, passed from mouth to mouth, and the marked man is looked on with suspicion by his temporary friends ; or, if we suppose the man has been fortunate enough to escape some deep laid plan to entrap him into their power, or he is speaking of his experience to parties whom a law-loving Englishman would suppose to be anxious to bring the guilty to justice, a few around him in the secret will smile, seemingly incredulous at what the man says. Those around him *not* in the secret will smile with sympathy, the man will be looked on as a visionary, he will leave the place in disgust, and being carefully looked after without his knowledge, his friends will have cause to be thankful if he is found lifeless at the bottom of a deserted hole or in a few feet of water, where it is said a fit had overtaken him. But if he has spoken against the vile work of the retrograde party, they will speak about wrenching his secrets from him, and it is well known how this *imperium in imperio* acts towards the patriotic men who oppose their disloyal, narrow, and selfish views.

The above will closely describe the end of thousands in the outskirts of the British empire and America.

One of the worst features in this organisation, is interference in business ; but without doubt the worst feature is to be found in the great numbers of females acting for the secret body. This strikes at the root of all society, and urgently requires a strict investigation. It is well known to readers of European History the great influence the Jesuits have over the female mind in Roman Catholic countries ; writers ascribe it to the evils of auricular confession, but it is not so well known the influence the Jesuits have over a part of the Protestant female mind in the British colonies and America. This

* Von Hammer. History of the Assassins.

gives the retrograde party a power to insidiously commit the greatest crimes. A man will be found by the Jesuits suitable for their purpose, then placed in a position to control secret organisations, then year after year he will be bolstered into a constitutional position, meant as a reward for men of a different character, he will have power to brand with infamy cases the most trivial, if obnoxious to his employers, or to gloss with his purchased smile the base conduct of the tools of a faction tampering with our liberal and just institutions, he will have a control over the granting of licenses for men to follow lucrative businesses ; the men following these lucrative businesses will fill the honorary offices in new settled districts, and have power over the expenditure of money. Can any one doubt the influence the secret movers of this puppet can exercise in a new settled community ? Often have I grieved for a man struggling with the pains of an internal complaint—a female—often his wife, observing my earnest look slips behind the sufferer, and gives me an intense glance, and works her hand as a sign over the left part of her face and throat. Then, there is the conniving at crime by *seemingly* respectable men. A searching inquiry is needed, to investigate how these men have been sopped. Interference in business is the common way to reward the tool, and ruin the patriot.

I was a sufferer by a great fire in the mountains of California some years ago. This fire was the work of the Jesuits' itinerant demoralisers. At this time I was aware of the great crimes committed by planned fires, and every year since has convinced me of its truth. The merciful laws of Britain and America are a blessing to those countries, and an honour to the age, as long as they apply to men committing crime through ignorance, passion, or poverty ; but when they apply to that kind of crime committed by Jesuitism, they are a curse instead of a blessing, and our noble institutions will never work as our great forefathers expected them until these deep-dyed jesuitical villains, and their agents, are severed from the body politic. When the fruit tree is made to yield good fruit by feeding the blight which consumes it, then may we expect good government from the workings of Jesuitism, Popery, and secret organisations.

When Jefferson tampered with the institutions of the United States, by removing those safe-guards of liberty which a wise caution had erected, and allowed multitudes of unprotected foreigners to be driven to the poll to record their votes for the benefit of an arrogant and malignant faction, the great extent of the United States with its weak government opened a wide field to the Jesuits. These miscreants, suffered to escape from Europe stained with their crimes, soon began by a secret organisation of the vile to form a controlling power in the States, particularly after the French Revolution of one thousand eight hundred and thirty, where the Jesuits flying from

France to the United States found an asylum. And when that virtuous minister, Neuhaus, aroused his own countrymen to expel them from Switzerland, the success that attended their machinations in America emboldened them to attempt the same policy in the British colonies ; how far they have succeeded a glance at our own colonies will show. Let commissioners be appointed by the Imperial Government to investigate the insidious crimes of secret organisations throughout our lands, with power to protect and reward the honest man who, through fear, had joined them, but shocked by their crimes afterwards denounced them ; this will be a benefit to the human race, and by one more act of justice endear the British name to posterity. It has ever been the policy of the Papacy to crush the patriot and bolster the vile tool.

Even Petrarch, himself a Roman Catholic, writes :—

“ Fountain of grief, abode of anger
 School of error and temple of heresy,
 Formerly Rome, now Babylon false and guilty,
 Through whom there are so many tears and sighs.
 Oh mistress of deceit ! oh prison of anger !
 Where the good perish, and the bad are
 Cherished and engendered.
 Hell of the living, it will be a great
 Miracle, if Christ is not angry with thee at last.”

In January, 1849, I left England, when passion, not reason, predominated, and left a certain independence in a small but valuable mineral property I possessed in one of the midland counties of England, realised after many years' toil and economy ; I possessed great tenacity of purpose or obstinacy, as the enemies of England term it.

In the prime of life, overflowing with strength, brought up to severe bodily labor, the education I received was nearly self-taught ; I purchased Dryden's translation of Virgil when working at the forge, I had read most of the Greek and Latin authors translated, and knew the history of Britain as I did the alphabet. I mention these things because I was the victim of that slanderous misrepresentation that the Jesuits apply to every man who has courage to oppose them, or who attempts to unravel their base villainy. As the great object I have in view in writing this is to show the extent of Popish organisation, the kind of cat's paw they employ, particularly the great number of medical men of third and fourth-rate talent they employ, and the almost impossibility of a man escaping their vile treachery if he is unprotected, and considered hostile to the Papacy and thoroughly loyal to a liberal Government. After arriving at New York I went by steamboat and rail to Philadelphia, then crossed the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburgh, from there I went down the Ohio to Cairo, then up the Mississippi to Galena, and to Dubukue, where I saw the coal and lead mines. Through the whole of this time I observed myself to be the object of secret espionage by the lower class of Irishmen ; when near Galena I saw

the terror these secret organisations create. About this time there was a great commotion in the Western States about the gold discoveries in California, and many enterprising men were away to the frontiers to start overland, through the Indian country to California; I determined to attempt to cross with them, and I spoke to an Englishman I had become slightly acquainted with there, who said that two neighbors of his had started a short time before for some of those places on the Missouri river, where numbers of men were forming themselves into companies to proceed to California, and they said I was unfortunate in not arriving sooner, as I might have gone with them. I spoke to a neighbor of his, who had seen a good deal of frontier life, and asked him to accompany me as a guide to the emigrants' starting point, and introduce me to his neighbors; he agreed, and early next morning we started on horseback. I observed the Jesuitical cats' paws expected me to go down the Mississippi, but we crossed the Delmoine river in a canoe, above where steam navigation ceased, and swam our horses. By this means I threw them off my track. We reached Council Bluffs on the Missouri river, and found the parties we had followed. I then made arrangements to accompany them to California. I have been particular in relating my experience in travelling many thousands of miles in about eleven weeks. It shows the great extent of the organisation of the Papacy; and will be a criterion to go by, to account for the tens of thousands of men who have left the shores of Britain, and never been heard of more by their friends.

Some trappers had come down from about the Rocky Mountains, and gave such terrible accounts of the hardships of the journey, that many men's hearts failed them and they returned. Having examined provisions, weighed powder and lead, drawn up rules and regulations, and appointed officers; rather more than two hundred of us crossed the Missouri river into the Indian country. May 16th, 1849, went a short distance, corralled our waggons, secured our cattle in the corrale, and set the guards.

As my object is to show the great extent of the Popish conspiracy against liberty, and the great crimes committed under the seal of secrecy, I shall nearly confine myself to what bears on this subject. We reached Fort Laramia, climbed the black hills, and after some trouble crossed some deep mountain torrents, and reached the south pass of the Rocky Mountains. It was near this place I first observed the thug system of destroying a man, by gradually placing false friends around him, to mislead the public and keep the secret. Near the summit of the Rocky Mountains we were agreeably surprised to find patches of good grass in the glens of the mountains. In one of those secluded spots, not far from us, some strange men were encamped. One morning early I observed these men speaking earnestly together, I joined them, and found that one of their company, a respectable native American, had gone out to look for his cattle, and

had been found dead in a shallow piece of water. I observed by their conversation and the distress in their countenance, that they seemed to think it a very strange occurrence that he should be drowned in a creek, where they could not find the water four feet deep, and the current was not rapid. I asked them if ever they remembered the man to have a fit, they said they did not. As we conversed I noticed men listening and endeavouring to learn our conversation. After the friends of the deceased and we separated, the men that were listening wished to learn my opinion, as they were aware I was keeping a journal. I observed after this affair that men often endeavoured to learn my conversation. About two days' journey, after crossing the summit of the Rocky Mountains, the road branches off for Salt Lake; and the road leading to California and Oregon leads through a wild broken country, at that time destitute of water, called Sublet's Cut-off, named after a celebrated trapper of those regions. At this place a respectable native American and his three sons left our company, going the Salt Lake route, our company crossing the Big and Little Sandy Creeks, as they were called, for Green River. This worthy man was a Methodist preacher, and I had observed for weeks a planned system of speaking to his disadvantage and misrepresenting his actions, and by every means endeavouring to render him unpopular. Foreigners by birth, servile tools of the Papacy, have a generation of sons born in America; these sons are carefully controlled by secret organisations; these inexperienced youths are ready tools for the Papacy. I was sure the Methodist preacher had not had fair play in our company from what I witnessed, and as I watched their lonely waggon receding in the distance, I thought of their danger, particularly as we were in the country of the Crow Indians, and about forty miles from Green River, where the murdering Blackfoot often roams. As I heard remarks to the Methodist preacher's disadvantage I spoke in his favour, at which I observed young men who were something else besides loyal Americans take offence.

Amongst the enterprising men of our company was Mr. Job Rhodes, a native American, I believe from Illinois; he was brave, intelligent, and an ardent admirer of liberal institutions, of which he gave a proof a few years before, when the American Government calling for volunteers to prosecute the Mexican war, and he found that none of the young men in his neighbourhood volunteered, he said he would go himself though older than them, which he did, and was with the American troops that conquered under General Scott at Cerragordia, and entered Mexico. He was highly respected in our company, and was called Captain Rhodes by courtesy. Between this man and myself a friendship sprung up; we were both fond of a book, and often we would stroll ahead of our company to hold converse. In one of these evening strolls we missed our company and had to remain out all night. After crossing Green River we made

short journeys to favour our cattle, which began to show signs of the hardship of the journey. This slow travelling displeased many of our men who wished to push the cattle faster, and if they gave up to cut the waggons down, or pack, for they said we shall be caught by the snow in the Sierra Nevada mountains, as were the Donners' party. The terrible fate of this party was in every one's mouth—they had started from Missouri a very few years before, about one hundred strong it was said, and about half of them perished with hunger and fatigue, after enduring incredible hardships. On the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, in 1849, I saw some pine trees of great height (as such trees generally are in these regions), about one-third of the tops of these trees had been cut off by the Donners' party for firewood when encamped on the snow. Where the trees were cut off showed the height of the snow where they were encamped. Among the party wishing to push forward was an Illinois farmer, lame on one hand from the bursting of his rifle. This man and me agreed to start from Fort Hall, and push through with one horse each, and a light pack. For this purpose, I had bought the old grey charger off Captain Smith, who commanded our company. I paid him part in cash, and left him my watch as security for the remainder, to be paid when we met in California. Since I had defended the character of the Methodist preacher, I had observed the threatening looks of some parties in our company, whom I thought looked displeased at Captain Smith letting me have the horse. A few days' journey before we reached Fort Hall, we overturned our waggon in Thomas's Creek, a tributary of the Great Bear River. My partners in the waggon and myself waited two days to dry our flour, &c., and on the third day we overtook our company. In the interim some neighbours of the Illinois farmer had come up on horseback, and he joined them, leaving word for me to push on after them, as they should stay some days at Fort Hall. I at once determined to follow them—took some provisions, blankets, and pistols, leaving my rifle as too heavy, and being assisted by Captain Rhodes and a few friends to pack (many respectable kind-hearted Americans making me small presents, and shaking hands with me, wishing me a safe journey through). I then started, and reached Fort Hall the third day, and found the person I was following had gone by a route seldom travelled before. About one day's journey from Fort Hall it branches off, and is called Myer's Cut-off, and joins the main road at Raft River, a few days' journey beyond Fort Hall. By this means I missed the Illinois farmer, and never saw him again. Fort Hall, at that time, was a trading port of the Hudson's Bay Company. A number of the Shoshonce Indians and their squaws were encamped in the vicinity of the Fort. They were hunters for the Hudson's Bay Company, and they were the most comfortable-looking Indians I had seen in crossing the country.

After recruiting my horse three days at Fort Hall, I started, but the intense cold in those elevated regions about the Great Bear River ranges brought on the dysentery and mountain fever, from which it was thought I should not recover, but I rallied. As I was making short journeys, on account of my weakness, our company overtook me; my friend Captain Rhodes being informed by one of the party of my illness, soon made his appearance and did everything he could to make me comfortable. He advised me to join my own company, as he and his mates, who owned the waggon and cattle, had a medicine chest, and as we have a doctor, he said, smiling, we shall get you round again. I went with the kind hearted brave man and received medicine, and joined them. I began to think of the provisions in the waggon I had left; I had taken from them what I thought I should want for my journey after first leaving them, and made no arrangement about the remainder, one of my partners in the provisions refusing to allow me any further share of them, saying, I had forfeited them by leaving, my other partner saying, I was entitled to a share. That man who I had travelled with, and who refused me a further portion of provisions, was well known in the neighbourhood of Sabula* or Charleston, near Galena, as a very mean, miserly, grasping man. The company's opinions were divided on the subject, and as is usual, the men having most influence in the company, and noted for the most reasonable judgment, investigated the matter.

I was asked what I had paid for provisions, &c., and it was finally decided that I was entitled to one-third of them. Captain Rhodes had told me to remain silent, and leave him to settle the business for me. He went to the waggon on which stood the man, with his rifle levelled, swearing he would shoot the first man who touched his waggon. "If you fire," said one of the men who had investigated it, "we will hang you on that tree," pointing to an adjacent tree. Captain Rhodes lifted the cover and took out the provisions, which were weighed out in three separate lots. And here let me again lift my voice in praise of the native American of the Northern and Western states; as a rule I have ever found them kind and generous to the stranger, with a great love of justice—although this love of justice is often foiled by an *imperium in imperio* controlling secret organizations. I remained with them about three weeks, the cattle going very slow. I had then gained strength, but provisions were getting scarce amongst us. I then again started, with two American horsemen who were pushing through with one horse each. I noticed several of the insidious slanderers of the Methodist preacher followed us, until we came to a store kept by a trader of the trappers. We

* Sabula, the old French or Indian name. This place was a trading post of the French, when they misgoverned Canada. When I was there in 1849, there were many Americans who wished to give the small rising town its old name, because there were so many places named Charleston in the union.

followed Captain Bryan's route, avoiding the extreme north of the desert. There were great numbers of cattle—and many men—dying in crossing this desert and the barren country we travelled before reaching it, and great was our joy when we observed the green fringe of trees and grass that skirted Truckey River. I remained at this place to recruit my horse, my companions going forward ; at length a large party of us started to make the ascent of the formidable Sierra Nevada mountains. We crossed Truckey River twenty-seven times in thirty miles. About the seventh crossing, the current being strong and rapid, and the footing very bad through the number of smooth round stones lying at the bottom—I had packed myself and horse rather too heavy—he lost his footing and struggled in the water, I brought his head round with a strong raw-hide lariat, but I nearly lost my life in trying to save him.

Some native Americans who had passed on before me holding on to their waggon, seeing my danger, clasped each others hands, one standing on the dry ground for firm footing, the other going in the stream holding a long stick in his hand ; I grasped the stick the moment I was being overcome by the current, and was drawn on shore. I had held the lariat tight in my left hand, by this means my horse was helped out to the shore, but his pack had gone down with the stream, and my journal with it, and many more things I regretted the loss of when I reached the gold regions. The kind-hearted Americans consoled me, saying it might have been worse, &c. I had a change of clothing in my pack, but my provisions had all gone down with the stream. The owner of the waggon presented me with some provisions, and gave me a dish of warm tea, the first I had tasted since I started the journey, for the mass of the American people drink little tea. The kind-hearted owner of the waggon was a medical man from the state of Indiana ; the remainder of the party were his neighbours, who had come with him to work on shares. I helped them to get their waggon over the summit of the Sierra Nevada down the steep road to Bear Valley, where they stopped to recruit their cattle, and I pushed on for the gold diggings.

Parties were prospecting in Bear Valley and men were crowding round the cradle to see what it was like.

Steep Hollow is about twenty miles below Bear Valley, and there we found the first good diggings. About seven miles below Steep Hollow was a large store kept by a Mr. Finlay, a short distance before reaching which my horse gave up, nor could I get him to move ; I took from him the saddle and bridle, and with them arrived weary and footsore at Mr. Finlay's store. I applied to him to buy the saddle and bridle, he pointed to a heap outside the store and said they were worthless, or the weather would soon make them so. I drew out my purse, and took from it a twenty-five cent. piece, and said that was the last cash I had left, for I expected to reach the diggings sooner, but was prevented through sickness. He sup-

plied me with provisions, and I prospected round the store for a few days, then joined some men, and started back up the mountains for Steep Hollow. Mr. Finlay was a native American—an energetic, business man, from the State of Illinois. A few days' journey before I reached his store, I had heard men speaking to his disadvantage—that he had burnt the grass on the road when he had passed, to prevent the emigrants following from reaching the gold diggings ; and that he was a grasping tyrant, &c., &c. I took notice they were foreigners by birth who were speaking to his disadvantage, and I heard from men after who had travelled with Mr. Finlay that these rumours were all false, but by some means had got afloat.

These virtuous native Americans from the settled districts of Illinois were ignorant of an *imperium in imperio*, that was attempting the ruin of their country by insidiously destroying their best men. I made inquiries after Mr. Finlay the spring following, and found that he had fell ill at his store, and that his constitution was broken by taking doctor's stuff, and that he went to the Sandwich Islands to recruit his health, and died there.

At Steep Hollow I became acquainted with Israel Tripp, George and James Hathaway. They were from Fall River, Massachusetts, near Road Island. Israel Tripp was captain of the Fall River company. They were energetic, industrious, generous, fair-dealing men. My acquaintance with them commenced in the following manner. I had prospected Bear River below the junction, at North and South Creeks, and found a good prospect. As I was working, some men came up and said, they would set in and work by the side of me. I objected. After some words they went away. I thought over the matter in the night, and felt confident they would come and endeavour to take my claim. I went to a New England company a little down the river, and spoke to the person who appeared to be the leader ; this was Israel Tripp. I stated to him the case. He came up before breakfast, together with George and James Hathaway, and we marked out four claims, and began to work. The other men came after breakfast and found us at work, we being prepared for them, had they attempted to molest us. Now the men who came to help a stranger to hold what he considered his own, and to go partners with him, were northern men, and those who wished to dispossess him were not northern men. We worked together till the 8th of October, when having got enough gold to make us comfortable through the winter, Izrael Tripp and George Hathaway went and prospected Deer Creek, and finding it good, we determined to winter there after we had been to Sacramento, and purchased our winter's provisions, &c. We four went down to that place together, while at Sacramento, and when starting again for the diggings I met with some of my old company, who told me that Captain Smith was in the vicinity, and that a few nights before, when he was out after dark, he received a severe blow by some unseen hand, which stunned

him, and his watch torn from his pocket, leaving a part of the chain in his possession. This brought to my mind the displeasure on the countenances of the slanderers of the Methodist preacher, when Captain Smith sold me the horse, and took my watch in part payment. We stopped rather long at Sacramento, and at last we started with our provisions, but the rain setting in early in 1849 and 1850, our waggon got stuck in the Sacramento Valley, the creeks rose, and we had to abandon our provisions. We then separated, Israel Tripp hiring to a man who wanted help, and George and James Hathaway determined to shoot game for their winter's support. Near this place I formed an acquaintance with an American farmer, clad in the home-spun of the West, and agreed with him to pack through to my old diggings on Bear River at Steep Hollow; we started and reached there; we turned the North and South Creeks at Bear River. Our captain or leader was a medical man, of the name of Harrington, from Fall River; we built the first cabin in Steep Hollow; a disagreement arose in the company and we separated. We were not content with small returns, and the Gold Lake discoveries, where it was said great quantities of gold had been found, made me eager to reach it. We formed a large company to cross the mountains to Nevada, for the Indians were very hostile that season. When we reached Nevada there were so many contradictory rumors that I determined to stop there.

I have been particular to trace my route from New York to Nevada, to show the infamous falsehood of those rumors that were set afloat by the Jesuits, that I was an English spy, and that I came from New Orleans. I had been aware of combinations in the United States and in crossing the Plains, and after I had arrived in California I had observed the same, but it was at Nevada I became aware that a powerful organisation was at work, and its actions controlled by the Jesuits.

The second great emigration across the Plains arrived in August and September, and as early as October I had observed the systematic workings of secret societies, causing men to be placed to watch every look, and report every word they could see or hear; and, from what I afterwards learnt, I found the agents of these secret societies had observed I was taking notice of it almost before I was aware of it myself, so closely do they watch and mark every man to destroy him, who they think is able to throw a light on their infamous work. If a man has courage to bring these facts before the public, every effort is made to crush him, to quash his information, to render him ridiculous by throwing discredit on his character and information. The constant endeavour of the secret organisation of the Papacy is, to show a seeming loyalty to liberal governments, and thus avoid a searching investigation. For this reason the nature of their crimes is concealed by their singing our "National Anthem" or the "Star-spangled Banner," and the magistracy of the British Colonies and

America are stuffed with miscreants who connive at crime. Nevada was the place where I became acquainted with that vast system of villainy the secret society of the Papacy, or the retrograde party, uses as a means to an end. It was here I first observed a planned system of employing a mental and ignorant power, secretly to work together to accomplish one purpose. It was here I first saw the terrible workings of these secret societies, employing medical scoundrels as a means to an end.

I was working a claim with three partners on Buckeye Hill, near Nevada; and after some months' successful work, my partners sold out to me, and left the diggings to join their families. I had piled up a deal of rich wash dirt on our old half worked out claims, and was waiting for the rainy season to set in to get it washed, and was preparing to dam the water for winter's use for that purpose, when I had a dispute with the respectable firm of George Parry and Co., storekeepers and miners, then well-known at Nevada. It was conducted on their part with great fairness, and ended by their paying me eight hundred dollars; and we amalgamated our claims, dividing them into six shares, myself holding three shares, John Evans, George Parry, and — Bishop, the three partners, holding the remaining three.

About this time great numbers of Roman Catholic Irishmen had settled down about the hill, having reached California with the second great immigration; these men perpetrated many treacherous crimes.

There was at that time a successful digger at Nevada, a man that it was said to have opened more rich claims than any other man on those diggings; he got a deal of gold, and spent it as fast as he made it, consequently, with a great number of persons he was a great favorite; he was one of those generous, open-hearted seamen whom Dibden has described. I did not know the man personally, but I heard his character from many.

About the beginning of October a small library was started at Nevada; I was at the library one night when a person came in and said there was a man shot below, several of us went out and found it was the successful digger. I heard after how the affair was concocted; a man met the successful digger and provoked a quarrel, then drew out a pistol and shot him, the murderer's companions favouring his escape by pretending to take up a man for committing the crime; then it was found they had taken the wrong man. Many respectable Americans were speaking indignantly about shooting a man so treacherously, when a man, speaking like an Irishman, said he was not an American, he was an Englishman; I said, what if he was an Englishman, was he to be shot like a dog. I spoke sharply, and I heard some muttered threatenings. About this time there was an industrious miner and storekeeper at Nevada, of the name of Hayden; he was from Ohio, but originally from the north of Ireland.

As I was going down to Nevada one night after work, I observed a number of Irishmen round Hayden's house ; some of the most evil-disposed were talking about firing his house, some of the more respectable were persuading them to desist. In the outskirts of Nevada at that time dwelt a medical man of the name of Lennox ; he was a fine powerful intelligent man. I heard that he had received his education at the University of Glasgow ; he spoke against this riotous, treacherous work, and I expressed my surprise that no means were adopted to put a stop to it. It was at this time I observed these well-dressed miscreants, that are to be found in all communities of Britain, or the United States, planning this infamous work. From this time I observed men often watching me, and as I heard after, men were round the house of Mr. Lennox until he was shot through the window. Respectable American farmers that lived close to Mr. Lennox, that knew his respectability, having come from the same State with him, told me afterwards that they saw armed men around his house, who said they were going to take his life, yet these respectable men were afraid to go and give evidence when the suspicious parties were arrested, or when the farce of a coroner's jury was being held. And I have often seen the same system of terrorism at work in the British dominions. I have seen the same kind of cats' paws for the purpose of secret organisation, to answer the purpose of auricular confession, then terrorism, and a plan to evade justice, where coroners, returning officers, magistrates, and police officers, are a farce and a humbug. In the many atrocious cases I have known in the last fourteen years I have observed men, when aware of these atrocities being committed, very rarely speak of them ; they hope to pilot themselves through the danger ; they are aware when there is not the hereditary gentleman to see the laws enforced, they will not be enforced. Men intuitively know they will be placing weapons in the hands of enemies to destroy themselves with. Something of this occurred to me. I had received a few hasty words of warning, and to the honor of the parties who gave it, they were Irishmen, but I did not think the danger was so great. About this time I observed men would often draw me into an argument about England by misrepresenting some part of our history ; the traducers of England were nearly in all cases foreigners by birth. I believe this insidious work caused me to be unpopular, for the majority did not understand the question at issue, nor my motive. I took notice about this time that where I went a person followed me ; they were in all cases at that time working men, but I had observed for some time those organised villains who watch the working men, and thus force them to be the cat's paws. These well-dressed miscreants there, as well as here, worm themselves into all society. I had purchased a cabin on the outskirts of Nevada to lodge and board my men, but when I amalgamated my claims with George Parry and Co., I had discharged from

the cabin the whole of my men but one. The man who now remained with me in the cabin had formerly cooked for us ; he had sailed as cook in a vessel from Stockholm, and called himself a Swede, but he had high cheek bones of the Calmuck, and appeared a different person to the round-faced Scandinavian ; from his words I took him to be a Russian, as he often used the words "Sclavonian, Slavonian." This young fellow, like many more, had deserted from his ship, had wandered up to Nevada, where I gave him employment. He was industrious and very anxious to please ; he soon learned to work with the pick, and I gave him the high wages of a pickman, for which he seemed very grateful.

At this time some wooden houses were erected near my cabin, with that quickness so peculiar to the Americans ; in one of the best of them resided a well-dressed person, who was said to be a magistrate. One day when coming from my work, I observed a well-dressed man in conversation with him ; I took notice they viewed me very closely. I revolved the matter in my mind, what made them scrutinise me so closely, but I could not account for it. It was now about Christmas, 1850, and I was induced to leave my cabin for a short time to take a glass with some former acquaintance (but which, by-the-by, I may state, I was not accustomed to do). The liquor I drank was drugged, and I nearly fell a victim to a plan similar to what took off the fortunate digger ; but one or two of the old diggers in the place were aware of firearms being prepared, got round me, and took me home. After this I observed men more closely watching me, and some of the parties came to reside as near to me as they possibly could, and I observed the same espionage was exercised towards Doctor Lennox and Mr. Hayden. In a new country, with the semblance of a government, a law-loving man hesitates to take the law in his own hands ; he knows if he incautiously acts he is either imprisoned as a murderer or confined as a lunatic. Mr. Hayden nearly always went armed, and Doctor Lennox knew that men were prowling round his house, trying to treacherously take his life, yet neither Doctor Lennox nor his friends attempted to kill the would-be murderers, nor did Hayden kill his would-be murderer when he begged for his life ; both were awed at the responsibility, but the tools of the Jesuits who take the life of a man obnoxious to their employers is protected in every way, money is liberally spent, the sham liberal papers assist the murderers, the tools of secret societies are busy giving false versions of affairs, the miscreants bolstered into honorable positions enable the murderers to escape, and their fortunes are made. Shortly after this affair I observed a horse saddled, and fastened not far from my cabin ; some men made a fire, and stopped with it all night. With my loaded gun ready, and the light extinguished in my cabin, I watched their movements all night. In a ravine opposite the door of my cabin, I observed another fire lighted,

and men kept watch all night. At daybreak I could plainly see them ; their arms were piled up in military fashion. As daylight advanced they dispersed. The Sclavonian did not come home that night. My partners and I had not begun to wash our piled-up washdirt, for we were waiting for the water the first company was bringing round to supply the miners ; so I did not leave my cabin next day. Towards evening I observed the Sclavonian drinking with the men who had kept watch by the fires the night before, and well-dressed men were going to and fro amongst them ; so I took my gun in my hand, and went down to Nevada, to my partners, George Parry and Company.

John Evans was the ruling spirit in the company ; he was energetic, but a selfish man. I told them I observed for some time that I was a marked man, and George Parry invited me to stop with them, which I did, John Evans saying—"Give me your gun, as there is no danger here." I did so. About ten or eleven o'clock, a great crowd came round the store, crying—"Turn out the English spy ; he shall die." Amongst the many voices, most of them half-drunk, I could hear the Sclavonian's voice ; he shouted in his broken English, that I was good man, that I never gambled, that I read book—but him English spy, "we kill him, we kill him." Amongst the noise I could hear a number of Irishmen singing the "Star-spangled Banner." As the noise increased we got up and procured a light ; several stones were thrown at the store, and my partners began to look serious. John Evans began to talk about men going against public opinion. I was very excited, and wanted my gun to defend myself. As the noise increased outside, John Evans spoke to his partners (in the store), and came to me and said, "You had better go down to Dr. Crane's and Myers' Hospital, and there you can get board and medicine." I wished to have my gun to defend myself, for I was well aware it all emanated from my taking the side of Dr. Lennox when he spoke against the riotous and treacherous work that was going on around Hayden's house. The mob outside kept singing the "Star-spangled Banner," and saying I was an English spy from New Orleans, and should die ; I said it was all an untruth about me being an English spy, and that I had never been at New Orleans, and that what they called going against public opinion was merely me speaking a few historical truths ; and my being an Englishman was the true cause of the lies they were circulating about me. As the noise increased John Evans said I must leave ; dangerous as my position was, I felt the greatest contempt for his meanness, and said I would go. John Evans, Bishop, and a few others around my partner's store, went down with me ; John Evans went into Dr. Crane's and spoke to him ; we went into the hospital and boarding-house ; it was kept conjointly by Crane, Myers, and a person of the name of Holt. Dr. Crane was an energetic, business man, from the State of

New York ; Dr. Myers was the son of a Virginian planter, a kind-hearted man, and very gentlemanly—his marriage had caused an estrangement from his family ; his wife and family resided near Burlington on the Mississippi, in the State of Iowa ; and Holt was from one of the slave States of the South, and was an active abettor of the secret organisations of the Papacy. When I went to this boarding-house, I observed Holt look at me with a bitter hatred ; and soon after, Dr. Crane said to an Irishman, “ Did you see Holt’s countenance when they brought him in ? he cannot bear the sight of an Englishman,” but on the whole Dr. Crane behaved nobly. A crowd kept round Dr. Crane’s, calling out that I was an English spy, and an enemy to America. In about an hour after I had gone to Dr. Crane’s, several hundred men came shouting round the place that I was an English spy, and I should die ; several men, who appeared to be Irishmen by their voices, kept singing the “ Star-spangled Banner.” Amongst the noise I could hear the Slavonian’s voice speaking in my praise, only, as I was an English spy, “ we kill him, we kill him.” As the noise increased Dr. Crane opened the door, and attempted to quell it, but the drunken rowdies near the door attempted to rush in, but Dr. Crane with some difficulty closed the door, and said he would shoot the first man who forced himself in. After a short time, a man came in the back way, and said the mob were bringing a tree to force the door ; Dr. Crane fetched a chain, and threw it across the door, crying out aloud, as he stood with revolver in hand, that he would shoot the first man that attempted to force the door. A short time before, the residence of a Scotchman named Black was surrounded by a mob similar to that around Dr. Crane’s ; many of the same party were engaged in both murderous attacks. I was much excited, and wished for arms ; Doctor Crane would not allow them, he said I had better keep as quiet as I could, and soon after he brought me a draught and told me to drink it ; I drank it unhesitatingly, for there was an earnestness and truthfulness about him that gave me confidence. Doctor Myers seemed agitated and afraid, and Holt sided with the rowdies. The watching of the night before, the excitement, and the medicine caused me to sleep, and it was break of day when I awoke. As I stirred, I heard a man outside say, “ By G—d he’s not dead, I am sure I saw him stir.” The people at Dr. Crane’s did not go to bed, and a number of men were still around the house ; amongst them I could still hear the voices of the Slavonian and a foreigner that used to come to visit him. This foreigner seemed to be exciting the mob against me. I had often invited this man to take something to eat at my cabin, and his conduct exasperated me. I told them where I came from in England, how I landed in New York, came over the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburgh, then down the Ohio river to Cairo, then up the Mississippi to Galena, then across the State of Iowa to Council Bluffs, then over the Rocky Mountains to California ; and I ended

by challenging the foreigner and the best of my accusers to fight them both with revolvers. I could see Dr. Crane was pleased with my conduct, and Holt was the reverse. As the morning advanced I observed the foreigner with a gun in his hand, standing on the joist above, the flooring not being all boarded, and heard him say—"Did we not swear he should die, and now he is going to escape?" he evidently waiting Dr. Crane's consent. At the same time men in the room were speaking about England and Englishmen being hostile to America. I saw Dr. Crane look grave, and was quiet; he was hardly himself, for many bottles had been emptied through the night. Dr. Myers looked frightened; at that time the back door being open, I dashed out barefooted, as I had taken off my shoes and stockings previous to lying down. Some men were going to work, and I asked them where a magistrate resided; they pointed out a house, I went and rapped at the door; it was this magistrate who had so closely eyed me when returning from my work, a number of men from Dr. Crane's followed me, and stood outside a neat fence. The magistrate did not open the door; I heard voices in the house, and looking through the window, I observed the man, said to be a magistrate, speaking to a well-dressed person, who had also eyed me so closely when coming from my work. I told him I claimed the protection of the American laws, that I was being hunted for my life without cause. He continued talking to this well-dressed man, and did not open the door. I then went up towards Dr. Lennox's, he was from home, I said I wished to get some firearms to defend myself. An Englishman, who afterwards worked for me, and was aware at that time that men were endeavouring to shoot Dr. Lennox treacherously, said he would fetch me the Doctor's loaded gun, when one of the cat's paws of the Jesuits called out, "If you give him the loaded gun you will be responsible." He did not fetch it. At that moment John Evans and Bishop came up, this place being on the road from Nevada to our claims; John Evans, true to his selfish nature, passed on, and Bishop stopped and began to advise me not to go against public opinion, when Evans seeing him speaking to me called to him authoritatively to move on—he did. I then remembered a man I was slightly acquainted with, and I started to try to find him, but I did not succeed. My feet were bleeding from running on the sharp stones, and I stopped at a store and purchased a pair of socks, and put them on as well as I could. I spoke to some men who stood around the store, telling them how I was slandered and hunted for my life—only because I was an Englishman. These men sympathised with me, when one of the cat's paws of the Papacy came up and gave a secret sign by working his hand about the lower part of the face and throat, and they were silent. I now started down to Nevada, to see George Parry; he was a kind-hearted, honourable man; he was from home. In going down to Nevada I

had observed the well-dressed miscreants, the cat's paws of the Papacy inciting the people against me.

When George Parry returned, I went with him and Dr. Crane down to the latter's residence. My cabin was broken open that day and everything ransacked. Amongst the different things these miscreants seized was a small journal, by which they wished to make it appear that I was unfriendly to America.

Amongst the cat's paws for the Jesuits, at Nevada, was an Irishman, who went by the name of Pat Connolly. Sometime before I had been placed on my guard against this man, and I was told his right name was John Dycer, and that he had committed a murder at Galena, but his countrymen sent him out to California. I heard this man shouting—"we have found the English spy, he shall die."

This day an Irishman came and looked at me attentively, and said "I know him, he is an English officer and a spy from New Orleans." I said it was a slanderous untruth, for I had never been at New Orleans. I got excited at this man, and Dr. Crane said I should be bled; I objected, but it was of no use. Dr. Myers found great fault with the way I was bled, for my arm became inflamed and festered.

That night, as I lay weak and helpless, I heard a vehicle brought to the back door, and Dr. Crane went to the door, and soon after I heard his voice; he was speaking rather loud, and he said, "You may do what you please with him when he is away from here, but while he is under my roof he is safe."

The cold-blooded villainy of these men as they talked about wrenching my secrets from me, made my blood run cold, and I mentally resolved what I have adhered to since, to keep armed, and never again if I could avoid it, give them a chance to get me into their power. I remember saying to myself—"if these men get me into their power, then God help me." In a few days I began to gain strength, and news was brought that Dr. Lennox was shot, through the window; he was crossing the room to a patient when he was shot, and lived in great pain about two hours; he was a powerful-built man, about 30 years of age, and was engaged to be married to a young lady in Western Missouri, when some farmers, his neighbors, were going across the Plains to the gold regions of California. Dr. Lennox and his intended father-in-law resolved to accompany them, and for a short time to try their luck in the gold regions; they came, had been in California a few months, when Dr. Lennox was so treacherously shot—and thus, another of nature's noble men was sacrificed to that *imperium in imperio* the Papacy. I have said that Dr. Lennox's neighbours knew that men were prowling round his dwelling, and said they would take his life; but the doctor's intended father-in-law was not one of the number who was aware of this treacherous work. He was mining at Gold Run, on the opposite side of Nevada. He was sent for, and Dr. Lennox gave him his

watch as a keepsake for his daughter, and with his dying breath accused Fitzpatrick with being his murderer. Yet this villain escaped ; and though a respectable man, the neighbour of Dr. Lennox, saw Fitzpatrick the night before jump down from the doctor's window with a revolver in his hand, and told this man he was going to take Dr. Lennox's life ; yet this man did not go forward to give evidence, as he was afraid of the Jesuitical secret organisation.

This Fitzpatrick was a man who had moved in different society to the class he then associated with. He seemed to have received a good deal of that tuition called education, and it was said he had excellent testimonials from the French Government for work he had contracted and executed for them. A few weeks after Dr. Lennox's death, this man was in the streets of Nevada with some half-drunken Irishmen, shouting, and said—"He would fire the town." Men would not believe it ; but it was plain he was endeavoring to please the well-dressed Jesuitical spies, who were closely watching all his movements, and giving signs to each other by drawing the hand over the lower part of the face and throat. But in a few more days Nevada was in a blaze. The fire began early in the morning under a drinking store kept by an Irishman of the name of Martin ; it was about four doors from Dr. Crane's boarding-house, and we were out at the first alarm. It burned nearly the whole of Nevada down, and destroyed a great deal of property, every one was speaking about hanging Fitzpatrick ; he was not to be found when the fire had subsided and it became daylight, but men were dispatched after him in all directions, and he was found and brought back from Mary's Villa, the principal town in the county Nevada. Although it was plain to any observing man that this Fitzpatrick had been the cause of hundreds losing their all, and brought misery on thousands, yet he escaped ; money was liberally spent amongst the lawyers, quibbles were raised about want of proof, &c.

About the beginning of January, 1851, a person arrived at Dr. Crane's boarding-house, Nevada, from Wisconsin ; this gentleman's name was O'Farrel ; I had heard that he had formerly been Mayor of Dubuque, the capital of Wisconsin ; he was a person of pleasing address, had a kind manner, seemed a high-spirited generous man ; he was undecided what business to commence in, whether store-keeping or mining. Dr. Crane said he would introduce him to a successful digger—an Englishman ; he also said that about two weeks since our place was surrounded by men, shouting out—"he is an English spy, and he should die ;" he said he had a very narrow escape, that he had to throw chains across the door to keep them out. I saw by the expression of Mr. O'Farrel's countenance that he was not pleased at what Dr. Crane told him. I was sitting at the time in the room, still very weak, when Mr. O'Farrel came across the room to me, and spoke kindly, and I gave him such advice that I thought would be most beneficial to him. I was soon

aware that Mr. O'Farrel's upright and gentlemanly conduct, and his wish for his countrymen to obey the laws of their adopted country, was giving offence to those well-dressed miscreants who were giving secret signs and spying for the Papacy. Often have I admired Mr. O'Farrel's gentlemanly conduct, particularly when he exerted himself to save the life of Hayden—that industrious, honest, and honorable man, who was most atrociously persecuted and murdered by the tools of the secret organisation of the Papacy. Mr. O'Farrel used to remark that he never knew a greater fool than Fitzpatrick (that was accused of the murder of Dr. Lennox, and likewise of burning Nevada) when he was away from his business, stating with emphasis that he could not think why he did not attend to it; but I was aware he was a tool in the hands of the Papacy. If a respectable Roman Catholic holds back from the atrocities, &c., of these secret organisations, he is destroyed without mercy. Mr. O'Farrel's upright conduct I was aware was giving offence to the spies of the Papacy, and he soon quitted this earthly scene in convulsions. Many atrocious acts were committed at this time, which would be superfluous to note in this condensed report; but I must not omit to mention the most foul murder of Mr. Hayden, miner and storekeeper, of Nevada. A few weeks after the burning of Nevada, I was passing Mr. Hayden's house, and I observed Mr. O'Farrel standing on the bank near it; he said—"I want to see Mr. Hayden, for there are men at my store who say they are determined to kill him, and I am sure they mean to do it." This high-spirited generous man seemed in trouble at the thought. I said—"It was a sad state of affairs to allow this work to be carried on." I moved on. In a few days I heard that Mr. Hayden had sold his claim, and was leaving his goods that were in the store to be sold, and the money was to be remitted to him to San Francisco, when the persons he had sold the claim to came to his store and said some Irishmen had come and driven them from the claim, and said the claim belonged to them, and it was not Mr. Hayden's to sell. Mr. Hayden went with the men back to the claim, and asked the men in possession by what authority they took possession of the claim; when one of the men in possession ran at him with an axe, and struck Hayden on the back with the head of the axe. Mr. Hayden told them to mind what they were doing, for he was armed; when a man rushed out of the cabin and fired two pistol shots, but missed him; when Mr. Hayden fired a shot from his revolver, and missed. Mr. Hayden then advanced upon the man, who fell over the dead branch of a fallen tree, and begged of Mr. Hayden to spare his life, which the brave and generous man did.

The diggers met and investigated the right to the claim, when it was proved that the men who took possession of the claim had no manner of right to it, and that the claim legally belonged to Mr. Hayden, and that he had lawfully sold it.

In a few days Mr. Hayden was starting for San Francisco. He was to start on that morning's coach, when one of those well-dressed scoundrel agents of the Jesuits drew Hayden's attention in the front, whilst a youth skulked behind, and shot him through the back. Poor Hayden ran forward a few steps, and fell dead on his face before my former partners, Mr. George Perry and Company's store. Some men were coming into Nevada in the morning, and saw the young villain commit the crime, and ran after him to a house he had entered, but although they were close upon him, and forced the door, they found the young murderer undressed, and some men dressing him in a different suit of clothes to what he had on when he committed the deed. Some men gathered round and wished to hang the young murderer at once, but the tools of the Papacy said, "let the law take its course, he is sure to be hanged." But plenty of money was circulated amongst the lawyers; the youth was conducted with pomp to Marysville, and was sentenced to some years imprisonment. After which the Governor of California, M'Dougall, pardoned the young murderer, after about six months' imprisonment. Mr. Hayden was an Orangeman—and it was while endeavoring to arouse parties to examine the insidious villainy that was practised in this vile, cowardly murder, that the idea was impressed on my mind that the Papacy with its Jesuits, by a secret society within a secret society, governed the Orangemen in some countries, and every year since has convinced me of the truth; for why, I asked myself, should men calling themselves Orangemen allow this vile murder to go unchallenged, and not even give a true account of it in the newspapers, that the industrious man's family may know the truth? I observed in California that, men calling themselves Orangemen, were merely cat's-paws for the Jesuits; and any reflecting man could see the same insidious work carried on when the Prince of Wales visited North America, an insidious policy to slander the Orangemen and exalt the Papacy. The Papacy will never want these insidious supporters, as long as this secret work is allowed; but put down with an iron hand all secret organisations, and destroy without mercy those Jesuits and their cat's-paws, and the Papacy will stand alone, like an old, dead, blasted tree; shadeless, rotten at the heart, and useless. The Bill of rights, and those blessings gained for the people by our democratic aristocracy, at the glorious revolution of one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, will be remembered in this land with gratitude by a united people, when the despotic secret organisation of the Papacy is remembered only to be abhorred.

I hope no Roman Catholic Irishmen will think I am unfriendly in writing this, I assure him I am not. I write it with the hope to arouse the Government to bring to justice *those* insidious miscreants who are the curse of all good Governments. The Roman Catholic Priest unwarrantably assumes a power that is antagonistic to truth and justice.

I had witnessed at this place three respectable looking men whipped for (it was said by the Jesuitical conspirators) some slight theft, which I believe to be unfounded ; but I had too much trouble of my own to contend with at that time, to interfere in their behalf. I made some observations at the time, and noticed men watching my movements, giving secret signs, and following me. That night a number of strange men came to our new boarding house, belonging to Dr. Crane, in Broadway. I took notice that they eyed me closely; I went to rest early, the sleeping room and kitchen were merely separated by a thin boarded partition, the men stopping in the kitchen, together with an Irishman from our claim, carried on their conversation for a long time in whispers. I was kept awake by some Irish lads outside singing the "Star-spangled Banner," and shouting I was an English spy, &c., &c. At last one of the strange men in the kitchen, on rising from his seat to go, said—"There will be great trouble if he escapes ; he knows too much." The man in our claim, who I was aware for some time was only a spy, said—"It is impossible for him to escape ; Connolly is too suspicious." I treasured these words in my mind with others I had heard and seen about the horseman to attend me, &c., and I resolved only to trust to myself when I meant to go, and either die or break through the cordon that was placed around me. A few weeks before Hayden's murder, a daily coach had started to run from Sacramento to Nevada, and vice versa. I saw at once this was the way to get through the cordon that was placed around me, and I afterwards found my surmises were correct. Without telling any one what I meant to do, I had for several days been preparing my claims for sale. I had kept all my purchase papers carefully, and having observed a mean system of annoyance being carried on, I promptly stopped the claims and sold them both, the richest to George Parry and Company for fourteen hundred dollars, and the poorest to George Watkiss, Stringer and Company, for seven hundred and fifty dollars, with all sluices, timber, and tramways I had laid down in each. In a day or two I received the money, John Evans saying that the claim did not prospect so well as he had expected, and he should not like to give more than twelve hundred dollars. I accepted the amount. That day an Irishman had wanted to learn when I should start for Sacramento. "In a day or two," I said ; but that evening I started down Nevada, making small purchases, and I observed a man closely watching all my movements. After some time the man was not so close upon me, and I stepped into the coach office, and paid my fare down to Sacramento. I may mention that I called at Mr. O'Farrel's store several times in the few days before I left Nevada, but Mr. O'Farrel was gone to San Francisco. His son was there, a youth, but I did not wish to speak of my business to him, which was this :—I had observed the upright conduct of Mr. O'Farrel was giving offence to the Jesuitical clique, and I felt confident he was in danger from

them ; and I afterwards found I was correct, inasmuch as some time after my safe arrival in San Francisco, I read in one of the newspapers an extract from a Nevada journal, that Mr. O'Farrel had died in *convulsions*.

On the morning after paying my coach-fare from Nevada to San Francisco, I rose early, transacted what business I had to do, and went down to the coach office. I put my carpet bag into the coach, and with a small bundle and my double-barreled gun in my hand, went forwards toward the saw mill. As I crossed the old bridge I observed a written paper stuck on one side of the bridge, describing a man about leaving for Sacramento in a few days, the description exactly corresponding with myself, though they had not mentioned my name. However, I thwarted all their evil designs by trusting to myself, moving rapidly, and thus saved myself. As I moved round the hill I looked anxiously around to see if any one was following me, and whether the horseman would follow me. By-and-by a man on horseback crossed Deer Creek ; he went straight up the hill, along the old road ; he gave a keen glance around ; but I was behind a masineto bush with my gun in my hand ; he could not see me. When the coachman came up I mounted. The coachman asked me if my gun was loaded. I said it was, but there was no caps on. I had foreseen this objection, and had placed some dry cotton on the nipples. Before we reached Grass Valley the man on horseback waited for the coach to overtake him, he gave a searching glance at it and then rode on. I kept my eye upon him, he stopped at Grass Valley, spoke a few words to some men, and presently the man came out with a young Irishman, who hurriedly got upon the coach, he had no carpet bag, and seemed unprepared for a journey. I had my suspicions that this young man was placed there to watch my movements, which I afterwards found was correct. At Rough and Ready diggings, an active intelligent young fellow, a native American, got up—he said he had been whaleing some years on the coast, but latterly gold digging ; he was now going down to San Francisco, he was all life and spirits. When we reached the foot of the hills of Serra Nevada near Johnson's Ranch, or the old Russian settlement as it was variously called in 1849, I observed a man standing like a sentinel in the valley, at the foot of the hill, about three hundred yards off the road. The horseman was a short distance behind the coach, but I observed when he came to the valley, he turned off the road and went to the man.

Johnson's Ranch was the halfway house between Nevada and Sacramento, where we stopped to get some refreshments. I had observed that the young Irishman's eye would follow my movements on the coach, and he would place his ear at a certain angle, to catch the conversation that passed between the seaman and me. At Johnson's Ranch, when I went out the young Irishman followed me, and closely watched me. We reached Sacramento City that evening ; the young

whaler and I went out and made some trifling purchases, and returned to rest early. I did not see the young Irishman that night; but next morning, when strolling off to the auction sales, I there saw him, he pointed me out to a number of men he was with, presently all eyes were fixed upon me, and some seemed greatly excited. The steamer started about two o'clock for San Francisco; the young whaler was disposed to remain at Sacramento, but I offered to pay his passage to San Francisco, which he willingly accepted. Some men that I had previously observed watching us in Sacramento City came on board; one was a determined-looking fellow, stoutly built, another was an acuter looking man, but slightly built; the other was a rather elderly man. After some time the old man walked backward and forward, and whilst he assumed a vacant look, I took notice he scrutinised me and my movements; at length I observed the old man give the young Irishman a knowing glance. After a short time, they went round the promenade, by the side of the engine-house; I followed them, as my suspicions were alive to their movements. As I went round the corner, I saw the old man speaking earnestly to the young Irishman; the old man's back was towards me; when the young man saw me turn the corner he gave the old man a nudge with his elbow, the old man raised his head and looked round with a vacant look. I looked as cool as I could, and, having seen what I wanted, I went slowly back. When I reached the other side of the vessel, I saw the thinnest of the three villains examining my gun, I suppose to ascertain if there was any cap on; he looked confounded when he saw me. I took the gun from him, examined it, and put it away. I had kept the American seaman in conversation as much as I could, and advised him to keep from liquor, for the young Irishman was pressing us to drink; I refused, but the American went with the young Irishman to take a glass. It was now getting dusk, and the stout resolute fellow came walking about until he got near me. I saw his manner was constrained, and he eyed every move I made, and I did him the same. I observed he kept a large unsheathed bowie-knife between his two flannel shirts; he made some trifling remark, and his companion closely watched us. There was a tall well-dressed man, a cabin passenger, who was frequently holding converse with the old man. I now took my carpet bag and gun, and went down into the saloon. I began to be rather depressed in spirits, knowing that it would be late before we arrived at San Francisco. I observed a suspicious scrutiny from several of the passengers of my person. I began to think that some Jesuitical slander had been set afloat about me, and I hesitated whether I should speak to the captain about it. However, I did not. At length we arrived at San Francisco; it was late and dark. I had arranged with the whaler to accompany me. I now took up my

gun, and began to put caps on. The young Irishman came up to me and said—"Why, you are not going to put caps on, are you?" I said, "I am, and I mean to kill the first man that interferes with me." He went to the other three men, and they (the three) left the vessel, the young Irishman stopping a little behind, neither going with them or with us. Near the watchmaker's, adjacent to Pacific Wharf, the three villains were a little concealed. I saw the resolute man in front, and he was inciting the others to come towards us. I had foreseen they intended to interfere with us, and as I neared them I gave the carpet bag to the young American, and let him go a few feet before. As I fronted the villains, I pointed my gun towards them, and said loudly, "Let them come; I am prepared for them." They did not come, and glad I was when we crossed the high ground near Sansome-street, where I saw the lights before us. We went forward to Mr. Morgan's, near the Court-house. He was a native American, and a most worthy man. Several policemen boarded at his house. I spoke to one, and mentioned the chief points of which I have wrote. The same night the young Irishman came up to the door, as I was in the house, and pointed me out to several others he had with him. I mention this in contradiction of the base insinuations that were circulated about me by the Jesuitical faction, and trust that it will be a warning guide to men not favorable to the Papacy to be more openly united, and avoid the deceptive and dangerous organisations, that are always controlled by the most wicked. If truth and justice is wished for, what need is there for secret societies, why not seek for it fairly and openly? If a secret organisation is composed of one hundred members, and ten of them are initiated into the atrocious acts of the Jesuits, to poison, rob, &c., &c., and the other ninety are worthy members of society that have joined the secret organisation, being unacquainted with the evil designs of the initiated, the ninety worthy members will be a cloak for the evil designs of the ten scoundrels; and the worthy members will be paraded for the public to view, and will be unconsciously forwarding the wicked designs of the Papacy.

I arrived at San Francisco a few days previous to the great May fire, which consumed the greater part of that extensive city, and ruined thousands of industrious people. It occurred on a Sunday morning, about half-past ten o'clock. I was going to the English church at the time the fire first broke out. It was a small uninhabited house where the fire commenced, in the outskirts of the city. I have often contemplated the wisdom of the Roman Consuls, who, when a secret organisation was found to exist in the city, joined five assistants to each triumvirs, so that each may have the charge of the buildings in their own separate district on both sides of the Tiber. Undoubtedly this fire was the wilful act of some miscreants, hostile to the liberal institutions of America. I exerted

myself to the utmost to subdue the conflagration, and assisted as far as possible to save the goods of Mr. Morgan. My hand being hurt, he dressed it, and afterwards left me in charge of the goods. As I sat on the side of the hill in care of them, the scene was awful, and I thought what a curse to a new-settled district is a weak Government. After the fire I was recommended to Mr. Hillman's Temperance House, where I remained nearly twelve months. At this time Australian coal was condemned as unfit for steam purposes. I went down to Mr. Hutton's, a popular auctioneer, to examine it, and saw at once the coal was undervalued. I brought a sample with me, tried it, and found it was correct. I explained this to Mr. Smith, a boarder, and friend of Mr. Morgan's. I wished him to join me in purchasing a cargo of it; he refused, but directed me to Mr. John M'Namara, who was in the coal business, in a small way, up to the time of the fire. He had saved his scales and a few other things from the fire. Mr. Smith spoke to him about it, after a short time, we agreed to join in partnership, myself agreeing to find cash to carry on the business more extensively, which was to be repaid from the profits. We continued in the trade some months, when we purchased from Mr. Ladd, of Battery-street, the great coal merchant, the good-will of his business, with the hull of a vessel, lighters, boats, and all things he possessed pertaining to his business.

Mr. M'Namara was a Canadian by birth, an industrious, temperate, trustworthy man; he called himself a Methodist. Some time previous to our acquaintance, the vessel that he came round Cape Horn in was wrecked, and, he being at a small town afterwards on the Pacific coast, in taking a walk through the town one night was suddenly attacked by two men with knives. Mr. M'Namara being a powerful young man, he beat the would-be assassins off. As they never demanded money, neither had he given them any provocation, I concluded that it was the connivance of a Jesuitical conspiracy to assassinate, as the Jesuits hate to the death any of the descendants of the Irish people that have the courage to think for themselves.

At the time I was in co-partnership with Mr. M'Namara I went to the Police-office, but I saw such a want of that spirit of investigation that I did not state the particular case that brought me there; it was this. In the latter part of the year 1851, a British Canadian of the name of Allen, a light-complexioned, fine, powerful man, in the prime of life, called at the Temperance House; he was accompanied by a man I was slightly acquainted with, the Mr. Smith from Mr. Morgan's; they made some observations about the diggings, I gave them all the information I could, and they left. I heard he went down to Sonora; from some observations, &c., that were made, and an Irishman, said to be a Jesuit, going down to Sonora, I felt suspicious that Mr. Allen, the British Canadian, was

being followed. The man said to be a Jesuit was away from the Temperance House about three weeks. In the time he was away the Sonora papers mentioned a mysterious affair, as they termed it, namely, that a powerful built man was found lifeless, hanging to a tree, and that there was marks of a desperate struggle. The man had evidently been overpowered and dragged some distance to the tree. The papers mentioned that the man had been hung with new rope. I felt confident from some observations I had heard that the British Canadian was the victim. But to me it appears that the Jesuits too often control the police, and prevent this kind of crime from being discovered. Many things occurred at this time to show me the great extent of the Jesuitical conspiracy against liberty, and that Englishmen, Scotchmen and Americans were insidiously forwarding the plans of the Jesuits. I witnessed the same organisation of espionage, and I had several near chances of being carried away when returning from my place of business to my residence at night. I observed the Papacy never lost sight of me, for their secret societies there, as well as here, permeate through all society.

We prospered very much in our business, but an incident occurred which, together with letters I received from home, caused me to leave San Francisco. The incident was this:—I attempted to save the life of a Scotch storekeeper from Shasta, who came down occasionally to do business, making Mr. Hillman's his house of call. Being in the reading-room one night, I heard an altercation between him and a man in the house—said to be a Jesuit. When I first heard them they were speaking very loud, the Scotchman was speaking in praise of the Educational system of Scotland and the character of John Knox, and he pointed to the demoralising effects of Popery in the south of Ireland and the Continent of Europe. But I found after he had been on the jury to enquire into the murder of Dr. Lennox. I was aware they were laying a snare to entrap him, but I remained for some time in the reading-room, as I had made a resolution not to speak my mind so freely as I had done, but I sympathised with the storekeeper that was speaking the truth. As the altercation was getting warm, I thought it advisable to warn him privately of his danger, for I felt confident he would be in great danger after that night's discussion.

I went from the reading-room into the front-room where these parties were; after some time the altercation subsided, and I at length got round to the storekeeper, and sat next to him. After a time, when few were present, I cautiously administered advice to him, but one of the parties present overheard our conversation, and I could tell by his manner he was endeavouring to learn what we were talking about. The storekeeper was agitated, and he told me that he had a narrow escape of his life a short time before, for he said two men came to his store and commenced a quarrel, one got the other down; the storekeeper went to raise the man, when he

fired a revolver, pretending, at the man he seemed to be quarrelling with ; the bullet never touching the pretended antagonist, but grazed the lower part of the body of the storekeeper ; had that bullet taken a deadly effect on the storekeeper, it would have been brought in an "accident" by a coroner's inquest. Now this is one of the many kinds of what I call manufactured accidents. The storekeeper seemed well read in the history of his country, and fearlessly pointed out the benefits Britain had received from that noble form of Christianity—Presbyterianism ; yet, with sorrow, I say that Scotchmen were there ready to sell the blood of this man who had the courage to speak the truth.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

I need not mention the whole of the incidents that occurred throughout the month after my advice to the storekeeper—placing him on his guard, but I had several near chances of being entrapped into the power of these cat's paws of the Jesuits. The great curse of the weak Government of America as well as those of the British Colonies is the number of seeming respectable men and women who are ready to connive at crime for a consideration ; very often these seeming respectable people are professors of religion. These selfish imposters, there as well as here, permeate through all society. These cat's paws are often placed as spies on their victims, and are never wanting for some interested plea for their conspiracy of vice with religion, and their wicked connivance has been the cause of thousands of good men being missed, the cowardly advice of the Jesuitical cat's-paws being followed, as "never attempt what you do not perform," or, "double man him, what danger is there, what proof can they bring, there will be no inquiry after him,"—these are the very words used.

In the last thirty years the cat's-paws of the Jesuits have organised societies in every country where they could gain admittance. The lower Canadian, when trapping in the Rocky Mountains, will tell you that the next war will be greater than any war before, and that England would be destroyed in it. The lower class of Roman Catholic Irishmen that emigrate to America are organised, and willing or unwilling, are made the tools of the retrograde party ; every art is practised to keep them in hatred to England, and separate from the Americans. I observed in America native Americans acting as cat's-paws for the retrograde party. And I have often asked myself, how far the stampede at Bull's Run was caused by these disloyal miscreants ; and what should hinder those disloyal scoundrel Englishmen and Scotchmen, who are cat's-paws for the retrograde party, from attempting the same work in the British Colonies, if they have the chance. Cattle poisoning was carried on almost openly in the early days of California gold digging ; and I saw the same kind of villainy carried on in this country years ago, as a means to an end.

I saw the superintendent of the police, and called on the English consul ; he gave me some good advice.

As I wished to leave San Francisco, my partner and I agreed to dissolve our co-partnership. I drew cash from the firm, and accepted from him, as part payment, a bill to amount of 2700 dol. I took passage in the "Orpheus" for Sydney, expecting to send a cargo of coal to San Francisco to be sold for me ; John McNamara drove our mules and waggon, with my boxes, from one of our coal-yards to the other, and from thence to the vessel. On my way thither I observed the Jesuitical cat's-paws watching me, and they seemed much disappointed at my movements. When I went on board I found that the parties who had applied for cabin passages were more numerous than the cabin accommodation afforded, and a temporary cabin was erected on deck for the parties who were not fortunate enough to apply among the earliest for cabin passages, myself being among the later applicants. Knowing the far-sighted treachery of the Jesuits, I felt ill at ease in being a fellow-passenger in the temporary cabin with some of the parties I saw there, so I promptly exchanged for a berth in the first cabin, without telling my reason, with a young native American, myself paying him fifty dollars ; nor did I regret my exchange, for the majority of the passengers there were young men of respectability, mostly the sons of farmers from the State of Maine. I passed a pleasant time with them on the voyage, and when events occurred among the islands of the Pacific, where so many vessels had been wrecked, that necessitated a watch to be placed in different parts of the vessel, I was elected by them to the honorary position of captain of the watch in the first cabin. I went on board the day before the vessel sailed. My late partner, John McNamara, accompanied me to the "Orpheus ;" before separating he gave me good advice, and told me to be very careful of the islands, conveying the idea that I should be entrapped there unless I exercised great caution. I paid every attention to his advice, and found his suspicions were correct. I also told him I hoped he would be very cautious, as I felt convinced the Jesuitical miscreants would attempt his destruction ; my suspicions being realized by my receiving intelligence from our banker, Mr. Argenti, that Mr. McNamara died a month after I left San Francisco.

The insidious work of the retrograde party to dismember the United States has been going on for years. For this purpose the Jesuits have laboured to keep the North antagonistic to England, and this curse of all good government, this *imperium in imperio*, has ruled by secret terror and thus kept under her hated sway a part of the American and British people ; the Jesuitical intrigues with the southern portion of the United States was clear to any observing man, and at present the descendants of the French colonists of lower Canada are kept more aloof from their Protestant fellow-countrymen

than they were a few years after the time when Townsend and Wolfe with their gallant troops climbed the heights of Abraham, and delivered the Canadians from the grinding feudal despotism of the old French Monarchy. Thus I observed—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—Popish crimes and trickery permeate through all society, but the kindness and self-respect of the native Americans I shall never forget. As a stranger, I experienced many acts of kindness while crossing the plains, and knowing the pride they feel in their descent from our brave old fatherland, and after hearing the songs of those companions fresh from the Mexican war, where they were incited to emulate the valour of their forefathers on the hills of Cressy and the plains of Agincourt, I should be unworthy the name of a man if I did not give a flat denial to the false abuse of the mercenary papers published here. There are mercenary papers in America that endeavour to incite the public mind against England. The *Alta California*, for instance, changed editors about the winter of 1851-2, and began to make a clamour against England, but the weakest capacity could see it was controlled by the retrograde party. This drew forth a letter from an educated American, who told the editor "he was not advocating in his papers what was American policy;" and the same words may be well applied to some of the editors here, for it is not a British policy, nor a policy conducive to civil and religious liberty, to forward the disruption of the United States. If that disruption comes, the Border States of the South, of British descent, will find that the Jesuits have prepared a struggle for them with a South—a South, which the enemies of civil and religious liberty wish to claim as their own—a land that a great part of its population—foreign to English in language and blood—where the old guard, after the defeat of its master found a ready welcome, in those extensive countries of Louisiana and Florida, colonised by France and Spain, where the Popish priest finds tools by Jesuitical education for his purpose; but, turn to the other side of the picture, to the Northern States—to that land that gave an asylum to so many of those noble souls who struggled for those blessings we daily and hourly enjoy; to that land that refused to send its quota of men* and money to war against its fatherland, when that land was engaged in a death-struggle with a powerful and vindictive foe.

In sailing from San Francisco to Sydney I observed the footprints of Popish demoralization at the Navigators Island.

As we neared Upoala, the largest of the group, a pilot came off to us, and we learned that Mr. Pritchard, an Englishman, a missionary, and British-American consul, was on the island. As we sat

* Memorial from New Hampshire, 1812. Resolutions of thirty-four cities and counties of the State of New York, adopted at a meeting held at Albany, 17th and 18th September, 1812. Connecticut and Massachusetts, 1812.

at dinner, Mr. Young, the pilot, who had married a chief's daughter, and one of whose daughters was married to Mr. Pritchard's son, remarked that some Roman Catholic priests were on the island. Our captain asked how they got on with the natives. Mr. Young said very well, they had great influence with the natives, &c., &c. As he sounded their praises, I thought they had exercised a demoralizing influence on this seaman; but wait until we see Mr. Pritchard, champion of religious liberty at Tahiti, and we shall see who has most influence on the island. We landed. I had a good deal of conversation with one or another on subjects connected with the islands, and I was astonished at the influence these priests had on the islands. A few of us wished to have bought some oil, and have it brought down to Sydney. We thought of Mr. Pritchard's schooner, which had made the trip to Sydney. We spoke to the owners of the schooner. We found it was engaged to carry the Jesuit priests to the different islands. I was on shore with my friend the American schoolmaster. We saw a number of our people near a store. We stopped, and joined in the conversation. The most of the American people, like those of the British, are not partial to the Papacy. We fell into conversation about priests. A person residing on the island said since Mr. Pritchard sold the priests his large house, they, the priests, have had a great influence with the natives. It was said that Mr. Pritchard had sold his beautiful residence to the priests for one thousand pounds, and he was now living in a smaller house up the country. My friend and me started to see the residence and the grave of Mr. Williams, the missionary, who was murdered by natives of a neighboring island. As I stood at the foot of the garden of the residence sold to the Jesuitical priests, and saw the beautiful lemon-trees, &c., &c., rising in a gradual slope to the residence, I felt mortified. I thought how few of the intelligent teachers at home, who gather the children's pence for the Missionary cause, expected this result. And while I stood at the foot of the garden a thought occurred, namely, was Mr. Pritchard true to our country and constitutional freedom, when he nearly caused a war between France and England at Tahiti; or was he insidiously employed to exalt the Papacy by embroiling France and England, and by that means helping to destroy constitutional freedom in France, and dethrone Louis Phillip. I profess I have never been able to answer this question satisfactorily to my mind, especially since I have seen in this country so many cat's-paws for the Papacy, in the garb of preachers of the Gospel and gentlemen. It is well-known that for years the demoralising influence of the Jesuits have been undermining British interests in the Islands of the Pacific; and when the rebellion broke out in New Zealand, most fortunately our military operations were conducted by a soldier, who in the future history of civilisation versus the savage, will be classed with those wise

warriors who have performed difficult actions with limited means, who have been honored by our Sovereign, and respected by their countrymen. How did the leading mercenary paper of this colony reflect and report on the skilful proceedings of our general? Did he point out the danger of following a savage enemy into a wilderness, where the discipline of the small number of gallant men our general commanded would be useless? Did he unfold the treasures of ancient and modern history for our countryman's guidance? Did he perform the duty of faithfully showing that *history* is philosophy teaching by example? Did he show how presumptuous Crassus, disregarding the wise advice given to him, led his army into a position where their discipline was no avail, and perished with that fine army; and how that practical soldier Ventidius brought back victory to his country's standard, by drawing the enemy to fight on the mountains of Syria, where the discipline of the Parthian horse was useless; did he hold up for our countryman's special guidance the fate of Varus, who, by leading his troops into the woods and morasses of Germany against an able-bodied brave enemy, destitute of discipline, perished with that fine army. Did he point out the errors of our countryman, the courageous Braddock, who, disregarding the wise advice of the cautious Washington, perished, and his brave troops were destroyed by an unseen foe? Did he perform the duty of being a true teacher of the people? Not so, but he heaped falsehood upon falsehood, and taunt upon taunt, that our brave troops had degenerated. These taunts, undoubtedly, were to provoke our general to leave his position, but, fortunately, he possessed moral, as well as physical courage, and disregarded the taunts of the mercenary writers, following the example of his great chief, who disregarded the sincere ignorance that undervalued his skill in one thousand eight hundred and nine, and left his conduct to be extolled by the wise and to the truthful award of posterity.

I expected, when reaching a British colony, that under the firmer Government of Britain, the secret villainy of the Jesuits would not be allowed, but I was mistaken. I saw the same insidious Jesuitism at work in Sydney. When we reached Sydney I found the rumors of rich gold diggings being discovered and confirmed, and that many men had rapidly made large quantities of gold, and were then returning home. As coal could not be had there, as I anticipated purchasing, to forward to San Francisco, in consequence of the increased demand, I determined to proceed to England and return to Australia with an assortment of goods, suitable for those colonies. Among the passengers for England was an intelligent, educated, energetic man, to whom I was introduced; he had formerly been a schoolmaster. He was entrusted with a large sum of money by a company which he belonged to, for the purpose of purchasing goods in England and the United States. We took our berths together in the second cabin of the mail steamer

"Australia." We were also accompanied by an American tradesman from Michigan, who had crossed the Rocky Mountains to California about the same time I did, and who had been unfortunate in California, but more fortunate in Australia. Amongst the passengers that sailed from Sydney to England with us was a man, small in size and intellect; he occupied a cabin near ours. I soon observed he was watching all my movements that he could. He occupied a cabin himself until we arrived at Melbourne, when a tall Scotchman joined him; the latter was a resolute and intelligent man. I took notice of his scrutiny of me in company with the man he had joined in the cabin. Another person also joined these two at Adelaide; he was a tall well-dressed man; I could see he was cunning and timid by nature, though he seemed a well-educated man, and spoke the English language in its purity. I took the latter to be a Jesuit, and the two former cat's-paws to the Jesuits. This Jesuit, as I took him to be, was more bitter in his feeling against England than any man I saw from the time I left the shores of England to this day. He was generally very guarded in his expressions; but a short time before we reached the Cape of Good Hope, he lost his caution for a short time. The case was this. One fine day I was on deck reading. I had a volume of Alison's History of Europe. He made an observation of Java being sold to the English. I said, "Java was not sold to the English, but it was won by British pluck and good generalship." He went in a most violent passion, and made spiteful remarks about the British Government in India, and that there would soon be an end to it. I have often thought of this man's dark sayings since the rebellion broke out in India; in fact, many instances convinced me that this man was a Jesuit, and he must have had power to do great injury to the British empire, for, it was said, he had been twelve times to India on board ship in capacity of doctor. A case occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, which has often occurred to me—I was on shore with the two occupants of our cabin, when we went into an inn to take dinner; we sat down, and the landlord commenced carving the meat, the aforesaid Jesuit and his two cat's-paws occupying places at the same table; the Jesuit sat opposite to me, so that I saw his features and movements plainly. The landlord while carving was conversing, the intelligent American schoolmaster was engrossing a great share of the company's attention by his entertaining conversation; the landlord said to the Jesuit, rather loud, "We never saw the lost gentleman afterwards, and we formed a company and searched for several days, but what astonished me (said the landlord), we could not find his remains!" as the landlord spoke the last words he stopped carving, and looked at the Jesuit; the cat's-paws did not seem to take notice of his remarks, but I took notice that, the moment the landlord spoke about the lost gentleman, the Jesuit lowered his face till it nearly touched his plate, thus concealing his counte-

nance from my view—I kept my eye on him, and I saw his slightest movement. In a few seconds, after the landlord had ceased speaking on this subject, the Jesuit raised his head a little from his plate, and gave me a keen glance, but seeing my eye resting on him, he dropped his head instantly, but in that short time I saw his countenance was very red and his manner agitated; in a short time he rose his head and looked round, but I saw his manner was constrained; no remark was made to the observation of the landlord, who, when the person he addressed was silent, did not continue the conversation, and as far as I could see took no notice of the agitation of the Jesuit. Few people are aware of the insidious villainy carried on under the seal of secrecy.

I saw the evils of secret organisation in my journey to England. I sojourned there but a short time; having purchased goods, I returned to Australia, intending after selling which to purchase mineral land, and again return home to purchase machinery, also to bring mining relatives back, and finally settle down in Australia. And now, having resided upwards of ten years in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, I have observed the secret organisations of the Jesuits permeate through all society—that secret terror that frightens men into silence, to prostitute their position, to mislead society and evade the law. These evils exist to a fearful extent in the British colonies as well as America. Let the misfortunes of our relatives be a warning to us.

I shall mention two particular instances, the first and nearly the last I interfered with in this colony:—First.—A young man landed in this colony about the middle of the year 1853, he belonged to that class to which England (steadied by landed propriety) owes all her greatness—her middle class. I told him of the secret organisations that were destroying great numbers of the best men in the United States of America and our own colonies, and having warned him that his principles and character would be sure to make him a mark for them, and his defenceless position in this colony in having no relations to make pressing inquiries after him would cause them to attempt his destruction. He went up to the diggings, and having satisfied his curiosity, he came down. A few days after I was going down to Sandridge, when I saw him before me. I saw a man watching all his movements and giving the secret sign; soon another man joined the first, and after some talk together, the second man followed the young man to the back of some premises in Rouse-street, the first man stopping at the corner of the street. I called on the young man in the evening, and told him what I observed, and added—if you are not careful you will be dead in three months. He smiled and said—“he would be careful, and hoped soon to be off to his uncle in New Zealand.”

He was stopping with some parties he was better acquainted with than me, and I had not seen him for a few weeks, when one of the

parties he was stopping with met me, and said—poor T. is dead. I went down to make some enquiries, and found, that since I had seen him things had been so managed that he had got sick, and as it was said he had a fever on him, he was removed from his acquaintance across the street to a small uninhabited wooden house, and some strangers put to look after him.

A poor woman, who lived next door, overheard in the night what she termed bad work, and was silent through fear until morning. In the morning she ran out into the street, excited, and cried there had been bad work in that house in the night; and the body having been examined, showed signs of great violence having been used to terminate the unfortunate man's existence. The poor people sent for the coroner. My impression was that he had been tortured by compression of the genitals, and afterwards strangled. My reason for this opinion was, first, marks on the body; second, he had belonged to one of those regiments at home that stand first in the world for courage and discipline, and which are chiefly supplied with recruits from the middle class; for this reason the young man was hated by the insidious de-nationalists, and was tortured to learn if he was carrying off any knowledge of their insidious work. The deceased's acquaintances were two brothers, respectable tradesmen. One, an energetic business man, could not see what motive they could have to murder him; his brother, with less strength of mind, was shedding tears, and asking me to go into the room where the inquest was held, and look after their interest. I said, "Mr. —, do not shed tears; no one has any reasonable thought that you had a hand in it." His brother, with warmth, told him to stop weeping. I went into the room where the coroner's jury were sitting, and there, for the first time in the British dominions, I with sorrow saw that coroners were not doing their duty properly. When I came out I showed the landlord the farce of the jury, and pointed out one of the jurymen, a common sailor, who could scarcely speak the English language. He said, "Mr. Slater, I have my living to get," and intimated on that account he could not, or rather was afraid to interfere.

Alas! how many similar answers and excuses have been given in the last twenty years in our own colonies and the United States, when men should only have remembered (with Bulwer) that they were trustees for that liberty which our fathers have suffered for. Besides, I had been aware of terrorism at work. I could see some men who wished truth to triumph, and it had been whispered to me to have his neck examined, but men spoke under their breath and were afraid to speak out, a sure sign that the insidious Papacy was insinuating itself amongst the people. After the inquest was over I was standing near the house where the deceased lay, and was thinking over the villainous affair, when I observed a man who had had a hand in the inquest looking at me with a kind of suspicious

fear. I set my teeth and looked sternly at him, shook my head, and walked towards my store. The next morning I was standing at my store when the same person went by, towards Melbourne, his body was almost bent to the ground, and two persons had hold of his arms, supporting him; they who supported were of that class, who, in those days, stood at the corners of the streets of Melbourne, dressed in the garbs of gentlemen, giving secret signs, and of that class which I saw from the Atlantic to the Pacific also giving similar signs, demoralising society, and planning the worst kind of robberies, murders, and perjuries.

The miscreant above alluded to, supported by the demoralised, was agitated a long time after when he met me, turning off the road rather than confront me; but time gave him confidence, his vile character and antecedents having made him suitable for the Jesuits, he has been bolstered into an honorable and lucrative position about two years ago.

The second was a young man I became slightly acquainted with. My suspicions were aroused, and I considered whether I should speak to the young man privately and place him on his guard, but I did not.

A short time after a person came to me at Sandridge and said—"We have had a bad job; W—— cut his throat this morning." I promptly told him my suspicions, that he had not committed suicide, and asked him who slept in the same room with deceased, and how the room was placed. He said "Mr. Slater; he did it himself; he did it himself." I started the next morning to make enquiries, and found the funeral was taking place. Soon after I went and saw the room, and I saw enough to make me resolve to investigate the matter further. The room where the deed was committed had formerly been a kind of granary; as usual in rooms of this description the staircase was outside of the building. This staircase was concealed from the public road by the building. In this room the deceased slept with a young man, an Irish Roman Catholic. I observed the deceased's bed was placed close to the door. A quiet looking woman was washing the floor, and a strong Irish servant girl was closely watching all my movements. The woman washing the floor very civilly gave me all the information she could. This room had formerly been connected with a room over the kitchen, there was a slight partition, by which it was said the doorway was closed when the deed was committed. "Who slept in that room" I asked? "I did," said the Irish servant girl. The woman cleaning the floor looked steadily at her and said, "I thought you slept below?" I observed the look and observation, and took a note of it. The deceased was taken ill on Sunday, and did not get up; early on Monday morning the deed was committed. I asked, "who was it" that came up the steps on the Sunday night through the door into the room? The reply was, "the young man who slept in the room with deceased." I afterwards said at the

detective office, I surmised the deed was committed by parties coming up the steps. My reason for this suspicion was, the position the body of deceased was found in a few minutes after the deed was committed. After some hesitation, and considering whether the retrograde party controlled the detectives, as there was a necessity to act promptly, I went to the detective office twice, and could not see the superintendent. On the sixth day after the death of the young man I went and saw his brother-in-law, an educated intelligent young man, whose intellect and nerve in such an affair would not let much escape him. I told him my suspicions, and he replied, that he had had his suspicions all the week, but the grief in the family prevented him from speaking about them. I soon found he thought it was the work of some villains, such as often occurs in the best ordered community; but I felt confident it was part of a vast system of thuggism, that was taking off thousands of the best men in Britain and America. He resided near, and was in the room a few minutes after the deed was committed. These were the grounds of his suspicion:—

Firstly. He found a great quantity of blood *on the floor* down to the foot of the bed.

Secondly. He found his brother-in-law's legs, with the counterpane wrapped round them several times. He mentioned this to the young Irishman who slept in the room, who said he had tucked them in. The brother-in-law replied, "You have taken great pains to wrap them up."

Thirdly. He found the razor closed (or the blade in the haft) at the back of the bed.

Fourthly. He examined the razor, and found the spots of blood on the upper side of the blade. The thought struck him that if a person right-handed had cut his own throat, the blood would have forced itself from the heart against the under side instead of the upper side of the razor; and he placed the razor against his own throat to be sure he was correct.

Fifthly. He examined his brother-in-law's throat, and found three clean cuts, two meeting under the skin, forming an angle, and nearly cutting a piece out of the windpipe. We came to a conclusion that it would be impossible for deceased to have cut his own throat in that way.

Sixthly. He observed a contusion on the higher part of the cheek or temple, as he lay in the coffin.

Seventh. He took notice that the coroner merely bent over deceased, and did not examine him as he thought it was his duty.

As soon as I found out these facts, I went home, and although Sunday, I took my card and went to the Detective-office, and said I particularly wanted to see the superintendent. The detective endeavored to learn my business; I avoided telling him; he said—"Is this your card?" I said "it is." He disappeared through a door—after a short time he returned, and told me to walk in. I went in

and saw a well-dressed person, who was said to be the superintendent. I told the case as I have related it. As I rapidly related each occurrence, I told him I was positive a great number of coroners were not performing their duties properly. He promised to see deceased's brother-in-law, and call upon me. I have never seen him since to my knowledge, neither had the deceased's brother-in-law, when I called upon him to make the inquiry. About this time, I wrote, and left letters at the residences of two gentlemen, whose intellect and consistent conduct, I thought, gave them influence in the colony, and both standing high, in my opinion, as patriots. There are other proofs that could be brought forward to prove that this infamous act was the work of the Jesuits, to destroy a worthy, energetic, English-minded young man.

I may relate hundreds of facts and conversations, I have seen and heard when being on the footprints of the Jesuits and their cat's-paws, which I have not space for in this condensed pamphlet. I have seen honorable and respectable men marked, and disappear, and others linger a short time while some villain is masquerading as a disciple of Esculapius. It was when the so-called "chronic dysentery" was raging at Nevada in the fall of 1850, that I first took notice of medical villainy controlled by secret organisation. A few weeks before, I was there hunted for my life by the Jesuits and their cat's-paws. I, feeling convinced of the above, wrote an account of what I observed, and buried it with medicine I had received, intending to have it examined, but they, seeing the inquiries I was making as well as my acquaintance with Messrs. Lennox and Haydon, caused me to be watched by the secret organisation, and seeing how small a chance a single individual has against an organisation in obtaining a conviction, I destroyed the proof I had collected. Let the Government of the Colonies revise the statistics of coroners' inquests for the last fifteen years, and it will speak a language that will convince the most incredulous of the villainy that has been practised.

Amongst the many near chances I have had of being overpowered and carried off alive, I will mention two out of many attempts that have been made within the last twelve years; they will show the extent of the thug system, and the necessity of stringent measures being adopted for its suppression, for tens of thousands of men have passed away by this system within the last twenty years, and no mention has been made of them. The two cases I shall mention occurred in Melbourne and its neighborhood; the first in the year 1854. I thought after I had done my business at Sandridge that I would go up to town and make arrangements to stop at night at some respectable house. I went, saw a place that suited my taste for reading, made the intended arrangement, and went there that night. I had some valuable papers with me, which I gave to the landlord for safe keeping. Without seeming to take much notice, I

closely watched what was going on. I saw enough to place me on my guard, although I did not expect to have found things so bad as I did; but I was prepared for the worst, for I had one of Colt's small, effective six-shot revolvers, also a larger revolver, and a bowie-knife. I had cleaned and loaded my revolvers. The landlord told me he would show me my bed when I wished. I started to go to bed; he stood at the foot of the stairs; a young female, said to be his sister, stood beside him. I eyed him, but I could not learn anything from his impassive features; but when I looked at the young lady, I saw she was eying me very sorrowfully. As I went up stairs I thought to myself, they think they have me in a trap, but I will fight as long as I have life. I saw my bed was placed with the head near the window, and two other beds were parallel with mine, and very near one on each side. Another bed was placed at the foot of mine, and a fifth bed was placed at right angles to mine, at the bottom of the room. In a short time three occupants of the beds came into the room. The bed on the right was occupied by a young Irishman, about twenty-four years of age; that on the left by a man about twenty-six years old, and that at the bottom of the room was occupied by a lad about seventeen years old. I had got my firearms in bed, and was in my drawers. I waited impatiently to see the other occupants, for I felt certain there would come another. At length a man came into the room; it was very late. I saw he wore a moustache; I mentally said, that is the leader. I was determined to keep awake; as the lights were extinguished they seemed to fall off in sleep. After from one to two hours, as I thought, I said to myself—this young man, nearest me must be asleep, for I have not heard one breathing but what seemed an exact imitation of sleep, but nevertheless, what I had seen below, and the warnings I had formerly experienced of this treacherous work, kept me on my guard, and I thought I would seem to fall off asleep myself. I had not breathed hard and slow but for a very short time, when I heard a break in the breathing of the young Irishman. He listened, then rose himself on his elbow. I could hear that both the leader and the young man I took to be an Englishman were awake, and that only the boy slept. I now found my surmises correct, but the way the young Irishman imitated nature astonished me. I had heard trappers and hardy frontier men who had been amongst Indians trapping and trading, when there is a great deal of treacherous work going on, say—a man could easily detect an Indian counterfeiting sleep, or the cry of an animal, by carefully noting the close of the breathing or note. Being now convinced that they were waiting for me to fall asleep, I pushed my head a little further, to rest on the window sill. A small curtain that was before the window I brought down by the motion of my head, for I had my large revolver in my right hand and my bowie-knife in my left hand, my small revolver being in my waist-

coat pocket close to my head. The curtain being down, it threw a little light into the room on my right-hand side, whilst my bed was a trifle in the shade on one side. I was aware the two young men were awake, and the person at the foot of the bed whom I had taken to be the leader. At the same time I had heard voices in the back yard, below the window, about fifteen feet from my head. I could hear they spoke earnestly, but under their breath; the two young men coughed to each other; and by-and-bye men coughed a kind of inquiring cough from a room next to that part of our room where the lad's bed was placed, and who was now sleeping soundly, being the only one in the room I was in who, I believe, slept that night. I could hear footsteps at the back, and men still speaking in the same under-breath tone. At length they shook the back-door, and by-and-bye more loudly. The man whom I took to be the leader at the foot of the bed, who I had observed for some time to be uneasy, now arose. "Now is the moment," I said mentally. As he rose from his bed I placed my right foot on the floor, and had risen in a half-sitting posture. After a short time he advanced towards me; as he advanced I rose upright, covering my revolver with a part of the bed clothes with my left hand. We stood for a second or two, facing each other in the nearly dark room, when he turned and went to his bed. I never in my life heard a man grind his teeth so loud as that man did, as he returned to his bed. Neither of us spoke, and I could hear the two young men were much excited. It soon began to get daylight, and I heard a person from the next room go down stairs early. It was rather late when the parties got up in the room I was in. I wished to be the last, to hear if they made any observations, &c., &c. Soon afterwards they rose, and when they were part dressed, I rose; from the first I observed a language of the eyes, and they began whispering to each other. At length the boy looked at the young Irishman, and laughingly said, "I heard you sleep." The young Irishman looked vexed, and putting his hand to his eye, drew down the lower eyelash and said to the boy, "Do you see any green there." We all stopped in the room after being dressed, our manner being constrained. I wished them to go as I had my large revolver in bed, and could not secure it without them seeing it, as I observed the eye of the leader follow my movements. At length, after many attempts to alter my dress, I thought I saw an opportunity while they were conversing, and I slipped the revolver out of bed and put it into a dress coat pocket I had on. The leader's eye caught my movements, but I had it in the pocket before he could see what it was; he looked at the pocket, when I saw him open his eyes with astonishment, and turn very pale in the face. I clapped my hand to my pocket, and found the barrel of my revolver was through the bottom of the pocket—in the hurry that I had pushed

the revolver into the pocket, the barrel got uncovered from the handkerchief, and forced its way through the thin pocket; the leader shortly left the room, and the others followed him. Having put my things in order, I went downstairs. The landlord and the young female were nearly in the same position they were the night before; he eyed me more closely, and the young female's eyes were wide with astonishment. I asked the landlord for my papers; he fetched them me. I said I would take breakfast; when he brought it he looked closely at the pocket where my revolver was. I saw the leader had told him about me being armed. While I was taking breakfast the leader came in—he had a travelling-desk in his hand; he sat at a table some distance from me, and kept looking at me and then writing; I did not at first seem to observe his movements, but at last I gave him a look, when he seemed to be alarmed, took up his desk and left. I soon left the house, and, as I went towards Prince's Bridge, I saw those spies placed by the movers of secret organisations at the corners of streets—they seemed astonished, and some, I could see seemed glad as I neared them, but I saw these were signal men, for, the great secret organisers of the Papacy and the inferior secret organisations exist by mutual espionage. At San Francisco I had often spoke with pride to my brave and energetic partner of the supremacy of the law in the British dominions, but this night's work altered my opinion, and I felt very low-spirited when going down to Sandridge that morning, but I thought shall I, who have suffered so much for true liberty, succumb now, in the midst of a British community? I have mentioned this affair most minutely, to show the power and evils of this secret work. Here was I, nearly falling a victim to insidious Popish intolerance, when in the midst of representatives of the opinions of those very men I had sided with, when they were in distress, and which had caused me all my trouble.

I hope no Roman Catholic will think I write this in a vindictive spirit against him as being an Irishman and a Roman Catholic; I assure him I do not. I wish to be civil and obliging to all people, particularly to Roman Catholic laymen; but, it is only by exposing these atrocities that the national and soul-destroying secret organisations of the Papacy will be abolished or crippled, so that its pretentious dogmas will be truly left to man's impartial judgment. The second time, in a respectable boarding-house, that I nearly fell a victim to this secret work was, between two and three years afterwards. It shows the extent of the evil, and the necessity of a stern vindication of the law. Stern, impartial men should ferret out the crimes perpetrated by these secret organisations. It was by this *just* procedure, the wise Senate of Pagan Rome exterminated the criminals of secret societies.

About ten years ago I observed a man, the object of espionage; at that time the insidious crimes of the retrograde party were carried

on more openly, and many atrocities were almost daily committed ; and when the Jesuit rowdies were interrupting public meetings here as they did in France when Professor Michelet and his fellow-lecturer in 1843 were exposing from history the crimes of the Templars and Jesuits.

Some time after I enquired about the man and found that he had gone to the diggings ; at length a person called upon me for a subscription for the widow. I found that as the man was returning from the diggings to his family he was met by seining bushrangers, was ill-used, and hurt across the back ; he reached his family, and after a long illness died. I thought of the espionage I had observed, and after some time I spoke to the widow, and by what she told me I found my surmises were correct, and that the widow was still the object of Jesuitical espionage, but she was like numbers I have spoke to, she did not seem to have any idea of the diabolical arts of Jesuitical treachery. Their children consisted of a boy and two girls, for which the widowed mother toiled early and late, when some months ago the boy went to work ; he was an affectionate child, and did all he could to help his mother. A short time ago he was passing my house, and in answer to a question I put to him, he told me he liked his work very well, and was then going on an errand for his mother to Melbourne. I gave him some good advice, and he left me. I took notice of his rosy cheeks, and thought he looked the very picture of good health. This was on the Monday evening ; on the Wednesday I was told that the boy was ill, that he was taken ill the night he came from Melbourne. On the next morning a person called upon me for a subscription to help to bury the boy who had died early that morning, it was thought from the effects of *something* he had eaten in Melbourne, and it was thought the poor mother would lose her reason. I started to go down to the house, but when part of the way, I recollected the great distress there was in the house, and though feeling confident my surmises were correct, yet I could bring no proof. I returned home. On the Friday morning a hard-working worthy man, a neighbour of the mother's, called on me, and said he was going to see the boy's master, for he felt convinced that the boy had not died a natural death, and he thought a coroner's inquest should be held. When I found that others besides him had come to the conclusion that the boy had been poisoned, I promptly endeavoured to throw some light on the subject. I returned home and wrote the following letter to a magistrate who, I believe, conscientiously performed his duty. The following is a copy of the letter :—

Bay Street, Sandridge.

SIR,—Your character as an honourable and conscientious magistrate has caused me to address these few lines to you, as I wish to record my firm conviction that there has been foul play used in causing the death of a boy named ——. There are facts connected

with the boy's death, and his father's, that can only be unravelled by the patient investigation and the stern impartial justice of a commission appointed by the Imperial Government to investigate crimes committed through the agency of secret organisation.

It is well-known the secret organisation of the Papacy pursues with malignant hatred any party that opposes its tyrannical superstition. This boy's father was brought up a Roman Catholic, his mother was a Protestant. The father allowed the mother the privilege to educate the children as she wished, she educated them as Protestants; this is a crime the secret organisation of the Papacy never forgives. The early death of the father and son has proceeded from this cause. One of the greatest curses at present in the British Colonies is, men being bolstered into positions to prove false to those positions. May we soon have this system eradicated, for it must be plain to any reflecting man, that for the benefit of the human race, the Papacy, as at present organised, must soon be abolished; together with it, *the inferior* secret orders, those nests of deceit, where under the mask of religion the worst crimes are concocted.—I remain, yours, &c., &c."

I delivered this letter myself, and then went to see the deceased boy's master; who I found was convinced that the boy had been poisoned, and that others had called on him to say that they believed the boy had not died a natural death. We went together to the magistrate, who accompanied us to a respectable intelligent tradesman, when and where it was agreed that the master should go to Melbourne and get the coroner, and that I should go and stop the funeral for a length of time. I went, and though there was great distress, delayed the funeral beyond the stipulated time; when the master not returning, and seeing the mother's distress, I let it go, the master returning after a fruitless search for a coroner.

I have often observed men will not commit themselves by speaking about this secret villainy; they know that the secret societies have more power than the Government as at present administered attempts to suppress. The worthy man, the boy's master, has since then sustained secret and severe losses such as are peculiar to the malignant villainy of Jesuitism, for it is by this secret terrorism that Jesuitism upholds the Papacy. And I can say of myself, that I have not only suffered in a pecuniary point of view by the Jesuits, but that I should have been missing if I had put my foot in the traps they had laid for me; but let the insidious tools of a foreign policy that have moved secret societies to commit crime be ferreted out and mercilessly destroyed, and let all secret organisation be put down with an iron-hand, then it will be found that great numbers of respectable men have connived at this evil work, and it will be found if they had not so connived, their business would have been destroyed and they would have been ruined, even if the secret perjurer or murderer had left them character or life.

The question then arises—when is a man justified in destroying, in self-defence, the criminals of secret societies? The line of demarcation should be drawn somewhere. Are not these men outlaws, who, by placing themselves above the law, are beyond the law? This undoubtedly is the only practical solution of this difficulty that the lovers of civil and religious liberty under the liberal governments of Great Britain and the United States of North America can come to. And the words of the learned and virtuous Hogan are very applicable here. “Nor is it to be wondered at now, that many Americans should consider it almost impossible that such deeds as I have laid to the charge of Jesuits and nuns should be perpetrated amongst us. But time, that exponent of all things, will soon satisfy our people, as it did the Romans before us—that there is nothing impossible, or even beyond the range of Jesuitical iniquity.

“The archives of Jesuitical intrigue are now in a measure being thrown open to the world. The diffusion of literature is so general, and human curiosity at the present period so great that nothing can escape its searching inquiries. It is therefore, to be hoped that, our people will not be much longer in ignorance of the iniquities of the Jesuits. Americans can now learn, from historical evidence, which admits of no doubt that Jesuits have been expelled, successively from thirty-nine different Governments; they can also learn that, by intrigue, deception, perjury and poison, they have survived each and every one of those expulsions. They may see—if they can see anything but money—that the Jesuits are now making a final struggle for a settlement in this country; and, if they are so stupid as not to see that similar causes must produce similar events, they will infer that Jesuits, who have successively and effectually introduced disunion, discord and disorganisation in thirty-nine Governments cannot fail to do the same in ours.

“If by poison, or assassination, they have dethroned the rulers of other countries; if by debauchery and superstition in the confessional, they have seduced their wives and daughters, can it be supposed that our rulers shall escape, our Government be secure, or our wives and daughters safe from the daggers or subtle poison of these notorious fiends?”*

We will now take a retrospective glance at the rise and progress of the Papacy, and its cruel despotic interference with people's rights. A great European writer, the philosophic Thierry, says—“After a close examination of all the political phenomena that accompanied the conquest of the middle ages, and of the part taken in them by religion, has led me to a new manner of considering the progress of Papal power and of Catholic unity. Hitherto, historians have represented this power as extending itself solely by metaphysical influence, as arguing by persuasion; whereas, it is certain that its conquests, like all other conquests, have been effected by the ordinary means,

* “Auricular Confession and Popish Nunneries.”—*Hogan*.

by material means. The Popes may not have headed military expeditions in person, but they have been partners in almost all the great invasions and in the fortune of the conquerors, even in that of conquerors still Pagan. It was the destruction of the independent Churches effected throughout Christian Europe, concurrently with that of the free nations, which gave reality to the title of universal assumed by the Romish Church, long before there was any thing to warrant the assumption. From the fifth century up to the thirteenth, there was not a single conquest that did not profit the Court of Rome, quite as much as it profited those who effected it with sword and lance. A consideration of the history of the middle ages under this hitherto unnoticed aspect, has given me for the various national Churches, which the Roman Church stigmatises as heretical and schismatic, the same sort of interest and sympathy which I expressed just now for the nations themselves. Like the nations, the national Churches have succumbed to power that had no sort of right over them; the independence they claimed for their doctrines and their governments was a part of the moral liberty consecrated by Christianity."

Thus the Bishop of Rome, taking advantage of his central position in the eternal city, so called, had for centuries been assuming a power over the rest of the Christian world, and for centuries anterior to the thirteenth century had, by an illegal, clerical, secret organisation, attempted to degrade the Christian world to the slavish condition of the East. It is apparent the laws and regulations of ecclesiastical Rome are made for this purpose, and they have a more effective tendency to bind mankind as we proceed to the thirteenth century. Thus the Church of Rome instituted the use of holy water about the year 120, and borrowed monkish asceticism from the Buddhist about the year 328. And about 394 they enjoined the preposterous system which demands the reading of the liturgy in the Latin tongue amongst a people of a different language. But it was in the sixth century after this aspiring Papacy had made tools of the barbarous warlike Franks, to destroy life and property in the south of France, that the ecclesiastical laws of the Romish Church seemed made to bind, hold, and reward the consciences of men by mysticism, for we find that the Church of Rome instituted the ordinance of extreme unction about the year 550, to quiet the consciences of those that served her; and the doctrine of purgatory was enlisted amongst the articles of the Romish faith about the year 593, and Maryolity and the invocation of saints was enacted in her ritual in the same year. These paved the way for the arrogant Papal assumption of spiritual supremacy over the Christian Church, which was first asserted about the year 607, and was then followed about the year 709 with the soul-degrading custom of kissing the Pope's toe, as a sign of abject obedience to the Papacy. The Papacy, to reward those that served her, about 993 ordained the canonization

of saints. Compulsory celibacy about 1015, Popish indulgences about the year 1199, and Papal dispensations about the year 1200, were ordained simply as a means to an end. The devilish system of the inquisition, and the soul-demoralizing auricular confession were ordained about 1204 and 1218, to bind the bodies and souls of men and women by terror to the Papacy.

When the Papacy was attempting the destruction of the free nations and free churches throughout Europe, no part of the world had more cause to curse her interference than the islands of Great Britain and Ireland. She first defamed the inhabitants who had spirit to withstand her pretensions, then by her false assumptions raised hordes of cut-throats to despoil a free people of their land, and reduce them to serfdom. Our noble king Harold and the bravest chiefs of our land died axe in hand overpowered by numbers while defending their country's rights; and the cruelties exercised on the inhabitants, and devastation of the country where (whole districts were devastated to gratify the vengeance or the caprice of the new tyrants—the greater part of the land of the English confiscated and divided amongst aliens—the very name of Englishmen turned into a reproach, the English language rejected as servile and barbarous, and all the high places in Church and State for upwards of a century filled exclusively by men of foreign race)* this was the cause of Popish interference in England, and the secret organisation of the Papacy was as great a curse to Ireland. Like an old man of the sea, it has ever since clung to the country, and crippled its energies; and it is curious to observe that when Cromwell for a short time put a stop to the secret workings of the Papacy, how soon land, even in those troublesome times, rose in value. After the destruction of the liberties of our countries, England, Ireland, and Wales, by the Papacy, and many other acts of merciless atrocities, perpetrated in different parts of Europe, the arrogance of the Papacy knew no bounds, for the great ecclesiastic writer, Mosheim, when writing for this period says: "Innocent the Third, who remained at the head of the Church until the year 1216, followed the steps of Gregory the Seventh, and not only usurped the government of the Church, but also claimed the empire of the world, and thought of nothing less than subjecting the kings and princes of the earth to his lawless sceptre. He was a man of learning and application, but his cruelty, avarice, and arrogance clouded the lustre of any good qualities which his panegyrics have thought proper to attribute to him. In Asia and Europe he disposed of crowns and sceptres with the most wanton ambition, and after showing proofs of the wanton tyranny, says: "We omit many other examples of this frantic pretension to universal empire which may be produced from the letters of this arrogant pontiff, and many other acts of despotism which Europe beheld with astonishment, but also to its eternal reproach with the

"Conquest of England by the Normans."—*Thierry*.

ignominious silence of a passive obedience. But it was in 1212 that Innocent carried his impious tyranny to the most enormous length, when assembling a council of cardinals and prelates he deposed John, declared the throne of England vacant, and wrote to Philip Augustus, king of France, to execute this sentence, to undertake the conquest of England, and to unite that kingdom to his dominions for ever. He at the same time published another bull, exhorting all Christian princes to contribute whatever was in their power to the success of this expedition, promising such as seconded Philip in this grand enterprise the same indulgences that were granted to those who carried arms against the infidels in Palestine. The French monarch entered into the views of the Roman Pontiff, and made immense preparation for the invasion of England. The King of England, on the other hand, assembled his forces, and was putting himself in a position of defence, when Pandulf, the Pope's legate, arrived in Dover, and proposed a conference in order to prevent the approaching rupture, and to conjure the storm." This artful legate terrified the king, who met him at that place, with an exaggerated account of Philip, on the one hand, and of the disaffection of the English on the other, and persuaded him that there was no possible way left of saving his dominions from the formidable arms of the French king but that of putting them under the protection of the Roman See. John finding himself in such a perplexing situation, and full of diffidence both in the nobles of his court and in the officers of his army, complied with this dishonourable proposal, did homage to Innocent, resigned his crown to the legate, and received it again as a present from the See of Rome, to which he rendered his kingdom tributary and swore fealty as a vassal and feudatory. In the act, in which he resigned his kingdoms to the Papal jurisdiction, he declared that he had neither been compelled to this measure by fear nor by force, but that it was his own voluntary deed, performed by the advice and with the consent of the barons of his kingdom*. He obliged himself and his heirs to pay an annual sum of 700 marks for England, and 300 for Ireland, in acknowledgment of the Pope's supremacy and jurisdiction, and consented that he or such of his successors as should refuse to pay the submission now stipulated to the See of Rome, should forfeit all their right to the British Crown." This shameful ceremony was performed, says a modern historian, on Ascension Day, in the house of the Templars, at Dover, in the midst of a great concourse of people, who beheld it with confusion and indignation. John, in doing homage to the Pope, presented a sum of money to his representative, which the proud legate trampled under his feet as a mark of the King's dependence, every spectator glowed with resentment,

* This act of vassalage, this payment as a tribute by England and Ireland to the arrogant Papacy was continued until that truly English-hearted monarch, Edward III. abolished it.

and the Archbishop of Dublin exclaimed aloud against such intolerable insolence. Pandulf, not satisfied with this mortifying act of superiority, kept the crown and sceptre five whole days, and then restored them as a special favor of the Roman See. John was despised before this extraordinary resignation, but now he was looked upon as a contemptible wretch unworthy to sit upon a throne, while he himself seemed altogether insensible of his disgrace.* This cowardly and despicable act of the worst monarch that ever sat on the English throne, resulted in Englishmen rising against him, and was the beginning of that struggle of truth against falsehood which ultimately secured those priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty.

In the twelfth century there was a great religious awakening in the south of France. The Papacy was resolved to exterminate these inquirers after truth ; for this purpose a council was convened to be holden at Tours, on 29th May, 1163. At this council, that indefatigable inquirer after truth, the Rev. Mr. Rule, says the sentences are worthy to be recited, inasmuch as this was the first act of the Church of Rome that can be correctly called inquisitorial. When we say inquisitorial, we speak with reference to the forms, rather than to the principles, of the Inquisition. The flames of persecution had been burning hotly for more than six centuries before the Council of Tours, and the saints of the Most High were pursued with violence, but not yet made the subjects of secret judicial inquest. This Council, after descanting on the insidious and destructive character of the new heresy, as they termed it, proceeded to say—“Wherefore we command the bishops and priests of the Lord dwelling in those parts to keep watch, and, under penalty of anathema, to prohibit that, where followers of that heresy are known, any one in the country shall dare to afford them refuge or to lend them help, neither shall there be any dealings with such persons in buying or selling, that all solace of humanity lost they may be compelled to forsake the error of their life ; and whoever shall attempt to contravene this order shall be smitten with anathema as a partaker of their iniquity.” This was the commencement of those accursed persecutions that were perpetrated against an intelligent people who dared to think for themselves. Mr. Rule proceeds—“On Sunday, April 23rd, 1312, on the Feast of St. George the Martyr, and ‘for the honor of the *Holy Roman Church*,’ Bernard Guy, and a fellow Inquisitor, with the usual array of ecclesiastical and civil forces, held a sermon in the accustomed place. The number of their victims was not unusually large ; but, we can count the company of prisoners this day before them the more easily, because the notary happened to set down the names with a mark of separation. Here are men, women, and children—whole families dragged into their presence, garbed in wretchedness, and stricken with despair. An officer of the holy office reads over a catalogue of eighty-seven

* Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and Smollett's History of England.

names—‘Thou, Raymond Vasco, and thou, Bernarda Wilhelma, formerly wife of such an one; and thou, —; and thou, —; and thou, —;’ on to the end, ‘So gravely and in so many ways have you offended in the damned crime of heresy, as has been read and repeated to you intelligibly in the vulgar tongue; you all being personally before us in this day and place to receive penance, and to hear your definitive sentence peremptorily pronounced upon you, and desiring, as you say, with good heart and unfeigned faith, to return to the unity of the Church, and now again publicly abjuring all heresy and all favor and belief of heretics of every sect, and all stubbornness, and belief, and rite, and favor of heretical pravity, and promising to keep and defend the orthodox faith, and to persecute heretics, and detect, and bring them out wherever you know them to be, and swearing that you will simply and faithfully obey the prescribed mandates of the Church and ours, for the benefit granted to you of absolution from the excommunication with which for the said faults you were bound, if, indeed, you return to the unity of the Church with all your heart and keep the commandments we have enjoined upon you, the most Holy Gospels of God being placed before us, that our judgment may proceed from the presence of God, and our eyes may see equity.’ The reader is breathless. This long protracted sentence should end kindly. The penitents have much to do. They are to be very active in persecution. They have promised to render large service to the Church, which will require great readiness and diligence; they are absolved. Brother Bernard invokes the God of mercy and equity. The ever blessed Gospel is before him. But, no! hear it out. The reader finishes in these words:—‘Sitting at this tribunal, and having the counsel of good men, learned in civil and canon law, we condemn you by sentence in this writing to perpetual prison of the wall, there to perform healthful penance, with bread of grief, and water of tribulation.’”

The benefit of absolution is not yet exhausted. Three men, one of them aged, and three women, two of them widows, receive sentence thus:—“And because you have offended more largely, and more gravely, and therefore deserve weightier punishment, we determine that you shall be perpetually shut up in closer wall and straighter place in fetters and chains.” The sentence then draws to its close in the usual form, and ends with a threat of yet sorer punishment on any who may be found to have suppressed the least fact when under examination. The above, from a careful, Christian writer, shows the vindictive cruelty that has ever characterised the Papacy and this self-styled Catholicism, this arrogant Papacy has always been antagonistic to that fair, open, constitutional Government, that ultimately causes truth to triumph.

As a proof of my assumption of the Papacy being detrimental to the well-being of the people, we find this *imperium in imperio* hostile

to all the great reforms that were attempted to be made in England whilst the Papacy and feudalism had possession of our country, and their authors the victims of those well-known Popish lies and slander that really never changes ; and in no part of our history has it been so freely used as when our brave countrymen, overpowered by numbers organised by Popish craft, were *reduced* to *slavery* ; and when, near six centuries afterwards, the intelligent ruling minds met in the Long Parliament, and passed those wise resolutions which ultimately led to the re-establishment of our nation's liberties. As a proof of our forefathers' energetic bravery and industry, where do we find more military strength and courage displayed than in their march to and from York ; where do we find more manly qualities than were displayed by them in that terrible conflict with Haradrada and his renowned army of Northmen ? The generosity of our own brave Harold in the conflict and at the close will live in the hearts of the good and great when Popish intolerance is scattered to the winds. Alas ! that he had not waited but the other four days for his brave Commons to have recruited his army after his great victory at York, and at Senlac* had crushed the invading servile vermin into the earth. According to the authority of a Norman author, the chaplain and biographer of William, he brought more gold and silver to Normandy than was contained in all Gaul. The question arises, how were these riches obtained, but by the industry of the people. It is not customary for a slothful people, as a body, to be rich. The same author, when relating William's return to Normandy, says, the whole population of the town and country districts from the sea to Rouen hastened to meet him, and saluted him with cries of enthusiasm. The monasteries and secular clergy rivalled each other in their zealous efforts to entertain the conqueror of the English, and neither monks nor priests remained unrecompensed." And when we consider that these same goods that these priests displayed in their churches were forcibly taken from an industrious people, and great numbers of those people either murdered or compelled to fly for their lives to Scotland, whose hospitable monarch gave an asylum to such numbers as gave a settled character and a language to the country, is it any wonder that Englishmen and Scotchmen loathe and despise the arrogant pretensions of the Papacy, or that, after many years of terrible struggle for freedom's rights, English valour and skill gave such great defeats in Normandy to those Normans' descendants, and in the bloody, smoking ruin of Norman cities, retaliated for those unheard of cruelties committed in the dungeons of feudal castles by the tools of Popish tyranny on Englishmen.

Perhaps no greater proof of the Papacy and tyranny being identical than the Pope's austerity to Simon de Montford and the friends of liberty, who laid the foundation of our representative institutions. Edwin Paxton Hood says—"It may be here mentioned, as com-

* The old English name for Hastings.

pleting the parallel between Hastings and Evesham, and as a curious illustration of the persevering consistency with which, in that age, the Roman court, in England at least, took the post of despotism against public liberty. The catastrophe of 1265 gave his holiness exceeding delight. "The news of the victory of Evesham filled him with joy. He instantly wrote to the King and the Prince to express his gratitude to the Almighty for so propitious an event." Such is the literary testimony of Dr. Lingard (*Hist Eng.*, 2nd ed., vol. iii., p. 207), a very unsuspicious witness to a fact of this nature. In the present case, truth is most strongly on the Doctor's side; for in those days, whether the potentate was a tiger like William, a hyena like John, or a weasel like Henry, the impartial Court of Rome ever backed the tyrant. Henry like John took his most solemn and tremendous constitutional oaths, in full reliance on its ablutions. It was the principal and most shameless accomplice in his blackest perjuries. So strong was the hold that these Popish intrigues had got on the country, that it was not till that truly English patriot King Edward III. and his councillors took the matter in hand, that the blood sucking Papacy hold on the kingdom was loosened. Our great national writer, Hallam, says that the greater part of the literature in the middle ages may be considered as artillery levelled against the clergy. And the works of our greatest writers all speak condemnatory of the Papal organisation, such writers as Longlaude, Chaucer, and Wickliffe. The father of English poetry, in his *Canterbury Tales*, shows the mode of silencing the humbler Reformers, who spoke against this *imperium in imperio*, thus, the rascally pardoner

Whose wallet lay before him in his lap,
Bret-full of pardon come from Rome all hot.

After he has told the pilgrims of his gains that he had made by his nefarious practices with his pillowbere,

"Which as he saide was our Lady's Veil.
He said he had a gobbet of the sail
Thatte Saint Peter had when that he went
Upon the sea," &c.

His mode of silencing or punishing the offender was by attacking him from the pulpit, for he says:—

"When I dare no other ways debate,
Then will I sting him with my tongue smert
In preaching, so that he shall not asterte*
To be defamed falsely, if that he
Hath trespass'd to my brethren or to me;
For though I telle not his proper name,
Men shall well known that it is the same,
By signes and by other circumstances.
Thus quit I folk that do us displeasances,
Thus spit I out my venom under hue
Of holiness, to seem holy and true.

* Escape.

But shortly my intent I will devise,
 I preach of nothing but for covetise,
 Therefore my theme is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.”*

This was an age of iron, when manly strength and courage were held in great esteem by our forefathers ; and our poet, to hold up to greater contempt the pardoners, shows him as having—

“ A voice he had as small as hath a goat.
 No beard had he—ne never none should have ;
 As smooth it was as it were newe shave.”

And the same policy of employing the meanest characters to do their dirty work is still practised by the Papacy and its inferior organisations. Volumes may be written of the evils endured by mankind from this *imperium in imperio* of the Papacy for the next five hundred years. Fortunately, our country was the first to throw off the yoke, and to this wise policy must be attributed the prosperity and power of the British people. But the retrograde party, with its selfish policy, has perpetually endeavoured to mislead the people, by misrepresenting our history, particularly that part where our forefathers rose against that false-hearted Charles the First, and righteously punished him ; and when the nation, with its intuitive good sense, joyfully returned to the steadiness of constitutional monarchy, and recalled the family of the tyrant, the return of whom, to use the words of a French writer, reduced the British nation to a nullity. The retrograde party say it was wicked to punish this tyrant for his breach of the contract, but never did the just death of a false tyrant so affect the human race as the condign punishment of Charles Stuart, King of Great Britain and Ireland. It was the beginning of that teaching of those stern truths to tyrants that afterwards so elevated the human race, and taught monarchs that power has its duties as well as its rights. It was the beginning of that teaching to tyrants who, like King Charles, were bound by no laws, human or divine, when it interfered with what the retrograde party call his divine right. It was the beginning of that teaching to the High Churchman, who, like Archbishop Laud, had merciful Christian truths on their tongues, and were themselves unmerciful, and, whilst preaching charity and humility, arrogantly rolled in splendour and lived luxuriously. It was the beginning of that teaching to all ages, that the *re-productive* strength and virtue of nations lies in their middle and lower classes. The lesson taught by the irresistible charges of Cromwell's peerless horsemen, and the stubborn courage shown by the London shopkeepers, who, with pike in hand, drove back again and again the fiery charges of the tyrant's cavaliers, was never forgotten till Englishmen gained the bill of rights, and until the struggles of our relatives secured to British colonists the rights of freemen, and

* Cupidity is the root of all evil.

until Frenchmen drove back selfish, false-hearted priests and her parricidal emigrant nobles, with the tools of despotism, from the heights of Valmy ; and until German pride and slowness allowed her brave and patient population a right in the soil after her great disaster at Jena. And though the Popish retrograde party may gain numbers of the weak and vile of Britons, Americans, Frenchmen and Germans, to insidiously further her selfish interests, yet the cause of despotism and priestcraft will not triumph, for truth is omnipotent. And the greatest of all those great and good men who at that period laboured for our benefit was undoubtedly the much maligned Oliver Cromwell. A hasty drawn parallel between the self-styled Catholics, the Popish leaders, and the greatest of those true-hearted philanthropists, to whom we owe the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty, will show which has the best title to what no body of men should dare to assume, the term Catholic.

I have shown from some of the best European writers that the Papacy by cunningly-devised dogmas had established a selfish ecclesiastical system, and had assumed a right to unmercifully punish those that did not believe in their unchristian doctrine.

Now, let us see how that benefactor of his race, Cromwell, conducted himself when in the height of his power, when that assembly met in the Council Chamber of Whitehall on the 4th of July, 1653, which had been convened by the Lord Protector Cromwell, and listened to that praiseworthy man's speech for upwards of an hour before they proceeded to their duties ; the whole speech of which, to use the words of the able vindicator of Cromwell, Mr. Daniel Wilson, F.S.A., Scotland, in his "Life of Cromwell and the Protectorate," chapter 15, page 203, where he says the whole speech is worthy of study and full of meaning, notwithstanding the involved style of the speaker, whose speeches often indicate thoughts far loftier and more coherent than his struggling and imperfect utterance. It abounds also sufficiently with the style and phraseology of the period, which so many writers have falsely pronounced "mere cant and hypocritical slang." If the reader will but bear in remembrance that he was addressing an assembly of puritan nobles, he will detect in some of that unwonted language a truly noble spirit of religious toleration, which he seeks to commend to his audience by means most calculated to win their favorable reception. When, for example, in speaking of the shortcomings of the Parliament, he says, "Finding that good was never intended to the people of God," he immediately adds, as if to check any sectarian spirit of an assembly so constituted, "when I say the people of God, I mean the large comprehension of them under the several forms of godliness in this nation." Again, how truly Catholic and beautiful is the following, when we consider the assembly to whom it was addressed—"I hope, whatever others may think, it may be matter to us all of rejoicing to have our hearts touched—with reverence be it spoken—as Christ was touched

with our infirmities, that He might be merciful. So should we be; we should be pitiful. Truly this calls us to be very much touched with the infirmities of the saints, that we may have a respect unto all, and be pitiful and tender towards all, though of different judgments. And if I did seem to speak something that reflected on those of the Presbyterial judgment, truly, I think if we have not an interest of love for them too, we shall hardly answer this of being faithful to the saints. Therefore, I beseech you—but I think I need not—have a care of the whole flock. Love all, tender all, cherish and countenance all, in all things that are good; and if the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you; if any shall desire but to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected." Is not this noble language for the seventeenth century, or indeed for any century? To translate it into the speech of our own day, the word Christians, as in the latter sentence, should be substituted for that of saints, which is its exact equivalent as used now, unless, indeed, that it is much more thoughtlessly and irreverently bandied about than its equivalent then was, and consequently far more deserving of censure.—*D. Wilson's Life of Cromwell.*

When the nation, with its intuitive good sense, returned to the steadiness of constitutional monarchy, and unwisely recalled to the throne the family of the tyrant, the return of whom, according to the words of a French writer (Michelet), reduced the nation to a nullity, and while the nation was losing the advantages abroad which the wise and virtuous rule of Cromwell had secured to them. Those cat's-paws of the Jesuits, Charles II. and James II., were by judicial murders and robberies endeavouring to stifle civil and religious liberty in Britain; till, after twenty-eight years of bearing the burden by all classes of British freemen, the nation rose in its intellectual might and expelled the Jesuitical tyrant; then called to the throne a hero whose life was devoted to humanity—placed liberty on a firm basis by passing the bill of rights, defied the power of Popish tools that threatened them, protected the liberties of Europe, and by a great forced battle, where British valour was conspicuously displayed, destroyed the—until then—victorious army of despotism, and saved the nations of Europe from the double infliction of the evils of slavery and the degrading Papacy. Amongst the many who have raised their voice and written against the crimes of the Papacy was William Hogan, formerly a Popish priest, but who left that communion on discovering their abominable crimes. This virtuous man was born in Ireland, and was on intimate terms with a highly respectable widow lady and her two children, a son and daughter, Protestants, whose husband and father had been a British officer, dying in the service, but leaving his family in affluent circumstances. The affection of the mother was concentrated in the children, a son and a daughter; as they grew up the son joined the army, and the young lady was

sent to school to a Popish nunnery, as many Protestant parents, in an unguarded moment, have done. The nuns immediately set about her conversion, she being after a time persuaded to join the Popish Church, the next step being to choose a confessor for this young convert, which was done by the mother abbess of the nuns. She was finally debauched by her confessor, became pregnant, and was at length poisoned by the mother abbess administering drugs to procure abortion. She sent for Mr. Hogan and related this to him, and told him she felt confident she was poisoned. The young lady died. These atrocious acts of the Papacy Mr. Hogan publishes as having transpired in our day; he also states that this was one of the causes that induced him to leave the Romish Church. He, thinking these Popish crimes were confined to Ireland, went to America, taking with him letters of introduction; there also he found such crimes to abound equally as bad as in Ireland. He finally abandoned Popery, and published two works, viz., "Popery as it Was, and as It Is," and "Auricular Confession and Popish Nunneries;" works which, especially the last, should be in the hands of every father of a family and lover of religious liberty. Mr. Hogan gives Llorente as a Popish authority, and quotes from Llorente that in the fifteenth century the Pope, from very shame, had to take notice of the profligacy of friars and nuns, and had to invest the Inquisition with special power to take cognizance of the matter. The Inquisitors, in obedience to orders from their sovereign Pope, entered immediately upon the discharge of their duties. They issued, through their immediate superior, a general order commanding all women, nuns, and lay sisters, married women, and single women, without regard to age, station in life, or any other circumstance, to appear before them and give information, if any they had, against all priests, jesuits, monks, friars and confessors. The Pope was not fully aware of what he did when he granted the aforesaid power to the inquisition. He supposed that the licentiousness of his priests did not extend beyond women of ill-fame; but, in this his *holiness* was mistaken, as he subsequently discovered. All were obliged to obey the summons of the Inquisition. Disobedience was heresy—it was death. The number who made their appearance to lodge information against the priests and confessors, in the single city of Seville, in Spain, was so great that the taking of depositions occupied twenty notaries for thirty days. The Inquisitors, worn out with fatigue, determined on taking a recess, and having done so, they re-assembled, and devoted thirty days more to the same purpose, but the depositions continued to increase so fast that they saw no use in continuing them, and they finally resolved to adjourn and quash the inquiry. The city of Seville was found to be one vast area of pollution. This, amongst thousands of such abominations that may be mentioned worthy of the Pagan bacchanals, or the Mahomedan secret organisations, shows that the

very organisation of the Papacy is demoralising in its effects, and antagonistic to all good government.

In an able Melbourne journal, *Weekly Age*, noted for its patriotism, I saw lately as follows —“The genuine Celt, arrived in the west, loses no time in assimilating himself to the people he has come amongst as nearly as they will allow him ; he is never heard shouting ‘Erin go bragh,’ and his children are indignant at the mention of their origin ; he is only to be recognised by his hatred of England, and his readiness to join in those turbulent excesses which bring discredit on American Democracy amongst the thoughtless and the ignorant ; to be amalgamated with the American people is the greatest good that can befall the degraded and starving peasantry of Ireland, away from the influences of superstition, &c., &c.” This quotation should be read as follows—“He loses no time in assimilating himself to the people he has come amongst, as nearly as his priest will allow him ; and whilst the priest compels him to vote which way he thinks will benefit the Papacy, he is ordered to sing the ‘Star-Spangled Banner’ and not shout ‘Erin go bragh,’ and his children are organised and closely watched by those secret organisations, that there as well as here permeate through all society ; and father and son obey orders (to disobey which would be death) when they speak against England, and join in those excesses which bring discredit on American democracy, &c., &c. ; for the Papacy hates the liberal governments of England and America. To be really amalgamated with the American or British people would be a good thing for the priest ridden class of Irishmen, but they are not allowed ; for they are not away from that terrorism that always accompanies, either openly or insidiously, the deceitful Popish superstition.”

I here give an extract from the virtuous Hogan’s work, which will show the worth of these newspaper articles of the retrograde party, which are published to serve a purpose. Mr. Hogan is speaking of the dissension and anarchy caused by the notorious Bishop Hughes, of New York, &c.

Mark the course of this Bishop Hughes for the last five years, and you will be struck with the exact similitude which in every feature exists between itself and the Jesuitical priest Rodin.

The readers of the “Wandering Jew” will recollect that Rodin established a press at Paris for the ostensible purpose of inculcating truth and advancing the public good. The title of this press was *Love your Neighbour*. The editor was one Nini Moulin, a notorious drunkard, ignorant and profligate in the extreme, and personally irresponsible either in a pecuniary or moral point of view. If sued for any libellous matter contained in this press, nothing could be gained from him, because he had nothing ; if thrown into jail for the immorality of the act, he could not suffer in his reputation, because he had none to lose ; he may continue editor still, and all that was necessary was that Rodin should supply him

with something to eat and drink. For the amusement of my readers I beg to give a description of the editor. I take it from one that knew him, who was the mistress kept by this editor, one Rose Pompon. She thus describes this editor—a face as red as a glass of red wine, and a nose all covered with pimples like a strawberry. The Jesuit priest Rodin describing him gives a different character altogether, he says that—“Nini Moulin is a very worthy man, though perhaps a little fond of pleasure.” Here is a precious specimen of Jesuitism and Popish morality, a man living notoriously with a woman of the town, bearing upon his face the marks of drunkenness and profligacy, is pronounced by a Romish priest to be a very worthy man, though perhaps a little fond of pleasure. Suppose Rodin and Nini Moulin were amongst us here in the city of Boston, or the city of New York, who is there that would not shrink from a contact with either.

The Jesuit Bishop Hughes, of New York, and his brother Fenwick, of Boston, have presses in each of those cities; and the wretches who ostensibly conduct them are, in point of fact, of no higher or more worthy character than Nini Moulin. No man who opposed Jesuitism in Paris, or who was even suspected of being inimical to it, escaped the abuse of Rodin's journal.*

The fairest characters were blasted by it; it defamed and bespattered by its scurrility some of the most honorable and high-minded citizens, while the cowardly and artful hypocrite himself was hidden from observation. Is it not so with Hughes, of New York, Fenwick, of Boston, and the whole tribe of Popish Bishops throughout the United States; no man is safe, no character is spared from the virulence of the presses which they own. Witness the *Truthteller* of New York, owned by Bishop Hughes, though, like Roden, he denies the ownership of it. What can be more vile than the language of that press; it declares that “*Americans sha'n't rule us Papists!*” It has for years been spewing forth its malicious tirades against Protestant Americans, while the real author of this scurrility is skulking behind the bush, but I will tear off the masquerade dress which hides the moral deformities of this man, &c., &c., &c. After noticing the thousand instances of similarity of thoughts and deeds which governed, and which now govern, the whole body of Romish priests, and to show that it must ever be so under the Popish organisation, Mr. Hogan gives us an extract from the oath which, as a Popish Bishop and a Jesuit, this Hughes took at his ordination and at his consecration. “Therefore, to the utmost in my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his Holiness' rights and customs

*And the same kind of villainous misrepresentation has been going on here in Melbourne for years; our most consistent patriots, noted for their opposition to insidious Popish tyranny, are maligned by Jesuitical writers in papers that pretend to be loyal.

against all usurpers of heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended authority and Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or *state*, named Protestant; or *obedience* to any of their inferior *magistrates* or *officers*. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England and of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and others of the name of Protestants, to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare, that I will help, assist, advise all, or any of his Holiness' agents, in any place wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical *Protestants' doctrine*, and to *destroy all their pretending powers, regal or otherwise*. I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am *dispensed with to assume any religion heretical* for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsel from time to time as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or by any of his sacred convent. All which, I, A B, do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably, and do call all the glorious host of heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath."

I appeal to any Roman Catholic layman who is a lover of his children and his race, whether those duties can be performed, or those principles inculcated in the minds of their children that should make them good citizens, if a selfish body of men are allowed to assume unjust privileges for pretended powers. Our immortal Locke, the great writer on religious freedom, has truly said, "That another more secret evil but more dangerous to the commonwealth is, when men arrogate to themselves and those of their own sect some peculiar prerogative covered over with a precious show of deceitful words, but in effect opposite to the civil rights of the community, &c."

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

IN 1809, Colonel Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. And while in that city, said Col. L., I used to speak freely among the people what I thought of the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon, that the Inquisitions and Monasteries should be suppressed; but the decree, he said, like some

of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened. One night, about ten or eleven o'clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprung upon him from an alley and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, he saw at a distance the light of the patroles—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and who rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

He went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service; but if he would give him two additional regiments, the 117th and another which he named, he would undertake the work. The 117th was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like Col. L. a minister of the Gospel, and pastor of an Evangelical church in Marseilles, France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the Holy Fathers to surrender to the Imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire on those that appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the Holy Office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, and to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble; a breach was made, and the Imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident

which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor-General, followed by the Father Confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends the French?"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorised by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape.

Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of this stately edifice. We passed through room after room, found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax-candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in the Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions, were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told? and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy father assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all, and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Colonel de Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but, if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "Do as you please, colonel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large, and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently, Colonel de Lile exclaimed that he had found it.

By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were

now at work for further discovery—the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and prize up the slab ; others, with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house.

While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar when the hand-writing appeared on the wall ; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a staircase. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands ; they are holy." Well, I said, I will take a holy thing to shed a light on iniquity ; I will bear the responsibility. I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs, we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain was fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor-General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells extending the entire length of the edifice ; and here such sights were presented as we hope never to see again. These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of Inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings ; and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues, or tubes, extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odour. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature ; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes and of every age, from threescore years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years, all naked as when born into the world, and all in chains. Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle-aged, and the young man and maiden of fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to

cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day, but Colonel L., aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light as they were able to bear it. We then proceeded, said Colonel L., to explore another room on the left ; here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. Colonel L. here described four of these horrid instruments. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms and body were broken or drawn one after the other, until the victim died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim ; every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place on the head, suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound ; the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives, so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs all in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semicircle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open ; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace. Colonel L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Colonel L. did not oppose them ; they might have turned their arms against him if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The inquisitor-general was brought before the infernal engine called "The Virgin." He begs to be excused. "No," said they, "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said he had witnessed the torture of four of them. His heart sickened at the awful scene, and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

In the meantime it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And, oh ! what a meeting was there. It was like a resurrection. About a hundred who had been buried for many years were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long-lost daughters ; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children ; and there were some who could recognise no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a waggon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it.

All had withdrawn to a distance, and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The inquisition was no more.—*From Hogan's Auricular Confession and Popish Nunneries.*

After the victories of our country had nearly cleared the Peninsula of the troops of the despot Napoleon, the Papacy came into power with the Spanish Government, and made every effort to re-establish the Inquisition. After much discussion the commission appointed by the Cortes presented a report reviewing the history of the Inquisition. The annexed is a part of that noble document.

This is the tribunal of the Inquisition ; that tribunal which is not dependent upon any in its proceedings ; that in the person of the Inquisitor-General is sovereign, since he dictates laws for judgments wherein sentence to temporal punishment is pronounced ; that tribunal which, in the darkness of night, drags the husband from the side of his wife, the father from the arms of his children, the children from the sight of their parents, without hope of seeing them again until they be absolved or condemned, without power, to contribute to their defence and that of the family, and with no means of knowing that in truth and justice they ought to suffer punishment. And, after all this, besides the loss of husband, parent, child, they must endure the sequestration of their property, the confiscation of their estates, and the dishonour of their family. And can this be compatible with the constitution by which order and harmony have been established between the supreme authorities, and in which Spaniards perceive the shield that must preserve them from the attacks of arbitrary power and despotism.

First, it is not compatible with the sovereignty and independence of the nation. In the judgments of the Inquisition the civil authority has no influence, for Spaniards are imprisoned, tortured, and con-

demned to civil penalties, without any intervention of the secular power ; prosecutions are pronounced according to laws dictated by the Inquisitor-General. How then can the nation exercise its sovereignty in the judgments given by the Inquisition ? It cannot. The Inquisitor is a sovereign in a sovereign nation, and besides a sovereign Prince ; for he dictates laws, he applies them in particular cases, and he watches over their execution. The three powers which the courts have regulated in the wise constitution given for the happiness of Spaniards, are united in the Inquisitor-General, together with his council, and make him a real sovereign, without any of the modifications established for the exercise of the national sovereignty — a thing the most monstrous that can be conceived, a thing that destroys the very first principles of national independence and sovereignty. Then after establishing these positions by a comparison of laws and facts, and referring to the infamous police of Napoleon, where the accuser is not known, the names of the witnesses are not known, the cause of imprisonment is not told, and sentence is executed in outrage of all judgment. This is the liberty and independence of France with the police of Napoleon ; and this will be ours too, if Inquisitors may accommodate the liberty and independence of Spain to the Inquisition. What deputy will then be able to speak against the will of the Prince ? Who shall declaim against arbitrary administration, and the unlawful acts of a sagacious and revengeful Secretary of the Home Department, or dare to bring him to his responsibility ? Who, like Macanaz, will defend the rights of the nation against the influences of Alberoni ? Will he not have reason to fear that envy and hate will load him with calumny, and bury him in the dungeons of the Inquisition ? Undoubtedly. Members could not utter their opinions freely in the face of the Inquisition. The Cortes cannot exist together with this establishment ; and it cannot be compatible with the sovereignty and independence of a nation, if it annihilates in Cortes the national representations on which that sovereignty and independence rest.

Neither is the tribunal of the Inquisition compatible with personal liberty, for the assurance of which various maxims have been sanctioned in the constitution that are opposed to this establishment. The provisions for guarding against arbitrary imprisonment are then enumerated. "But what liberty," asks the Commission, "do Spaniards enjoy in the tribunals of the Inquisition ? They are taken to prison without having seen their judges ; they are immured in dark and narrow cells, and until the sentence has been pronounced they are allowed no communication. At such time and manner as may please the inquisitors, they are asked to make a declaration ; they are never told the name of the accuser, if there be any, nor the names of witnesses that depose against them ; scraps of evidence only are read them, and the depositions themselves are disguised by being

written in the third person. In the Tribunal of the Faith of God, who is truth itself, all truth is violated, in order that the prisoner may not come to the knowledge of the enemy by whom he has been slandered and persecuted. The cause is never published, but sealed up in the secret of the Inquisition; so much is extracted from it as seems good to the inquisitors, and with that only there is made a publication of proofs; and the person treated as a criminal is invited to ground his defence on that, pleading for himself or through an advocate who has been given to him; or to object to the witnesses, but how can he object to persons whose names he knows not. The unhappy culprit is bewildered with thinking, remembering, suspecting, guessing. He forms rash and hasty false conjectures. He struggles with his own conscience, with his sense of honor, with his affections of friendship, trying to discover the covetous person who has sold him, the ambitious one who has sacrificed him, the false friend who has betrayed him with a kiss of peace, the lewd one who could not freely satisfy a brutal passion. "I feel the pain," the innocent Fra Luis de Leon cried from the dark dungeon of the Inquisition, "I feel the pain, but I cannot see the hand, nor is there a place for me to hide or shelter me." At this point the Commission, overwhelmed with horror and amazement, knows not in what language to find utterance. Priests—ministers of that God of peace and charity who went about doing good—are they who decree the torture, and are present at its infliction, to hear the piteous cries of innocent victims or the execrations or blasphemies of the guilty. It is inconceivable, sir, how far prejudice can fascinate and false zeal can lead astray."

Works have been published by the retrograde party denying these truths on purpose to mislead the many. I here give an extract from a letter sent by the great patriotic reformer Gavazzi, to the Rev. Mr. Rule, under date March 20, 1852. He writes thus:—

"My dear Sir,—In answering your questions at Rome, I should say that I can only give a few superficial and imperfect notes. So short was the time that it remained opened to the public, so great the crowd of persons that pressed to catch a sight of it, and so intense the horror inspired by that accursed place, that I could not obtain a more exact, and particular impression. I found no instruments of torture,* for they were destroyed at the time of the

* Mr. Rule says:—"The gag, the thumbscrew, and many other instruments of severe torture could easily be destroyed, and others as easily be procured. There is reason to believe that the most important records were burnt as soon as the Dominicans apprehended that the Roman people would once more make a forcible entrance into the palace. The non-appearance of instruments is not enough to sustain the current belief that the use of them is discontinued. So long as there is a secret prison, and while all the existing standards of inquisitorial practice make torture an ordinary expedient for extorting information, not even a bull prohibiting torture would be sufficient to convince the world that it has been discontinued. The prac-

first French invasion, and because such instruments were not used afterwards by the modern Inquisition. I did, however, find in one of the prisons of the Second Court a furnace, and the remains of a woman's dress. I shall never be able to believe that that furnace was used for the living, it not being in such a place, or of such a kind as to be of service to them, everything on the contrary combined to persuade me that it was made use of for horrible deaths, and to consume the remains of inquisitorial executions.

Another object of horror I found between the great hall of judgment and the luxurious apartments of the chief jailor (*primo custode*), the Dominican Friar who presides over this diabolical establishment—this was a deep trap, a shaft opening into the vaults under the Inquisition.

“As soon as the so-called criminal had confessed his offence, the second keeper, who is always a Dominican Friar, sent him to the Father Commissary to receive a relaxation* of his punishment, with hope of pardon. The confessed culprit would go towards the apartment of the Holy Inquisitor; but in the act of setting foot at its entrance, the trap opened, and the world of the living heard no more of him. I examined some of the earth found in the pit below this trap; it was a compost of common earth, rottenness, ashes, and human hair, foetid to the smell, and horrible to the sight and to the thought of the beholder. After dwelling on other horrors of the place, the Italian patriot writes, that so many and so great are the historical atrocities of the Inquisition, that they would more than suffice to arouse the detestation of a thousand worlds. I know that the Popish impostor priests go about saying that the Inquisition was never an ecclesiastical tribunal, but a lay; but you will have shown the contrary in your work, and may also add, in order quite to unmask those lying preachers, that the palace of the Inquisition at Rome is under the shadow of the palace of the Vatican, that the keeper of the

tice of falsehood is enjoined on inquisitors, how then could we believe a bull or decree. If it was put forth to-morrow to release them from suspicion, or to screen them from obloquy, it would not be entitled to belief.” And what Mr. Rule here says I am firmly convinced is a fact, for torture is extensively used in the outskirts of the United States, and the British dominions to this day. I have pointed this out years ago, particularly when the young man was destroyed in 1853, not far from where I am writing this. I have spoke of the Jesuitical villainy committed in this foul murder hundreds of times since, and should have been missing myself, if I had trusted those Jesuitical connivers that wear a good coat, and by insidious crimes disgrace the name of Britons.

* In Spain relaxation is delivery to death. In the established style of the Inquisition it has the same meaning; but in the common language of Rome, it means release. In the lips of the Inquisitor, therefore if he used the word, it has one meaning, and another to the ear of the prisoner.—Mr. Rule.

Inquisition at Rome is the Pope in person.—I have the honor to be,
your affectionate servant,

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

And if the Government acts with wise resolution to unravel the crimes of secret organisations, it will be found that nearly all the early, sudden, and mysterious deaths of men not connected with the Papacy has been the insidious work of the conspirators who affect to despise the power of our constitution to punish them, and many atrocious deeds are merely mentioned in some patriotic paper, and, in a few days, forgot. See the affecting memento of, no doubt, a loyal patriot mentioned in the *Leader* newspaper, Nov. 12th, 1862 (false advertisements to decoy him, his letters intercepted, his tent robbed, and his food drugged,) and this wrote with his blood, when, no doubt, he intuitively knew they were on his track; and then, the terrible night when the poor fellow was tortured to death, the upper part of his body consumed, and everything which could lead to his identity, and the rest left in contempt of the laws. And it is all false about knowing nothing of the man at the different crossings. I had been aware, years ago, that most men in this country who occupy lucrative positions, obtained by interest, are something else besides British subjects; and it is all false about what they said of the man being deranged. It is a common plan of the agents of the retrograde party to make it appear a man is deranged when he is speaking of what his uninitiated hearers do not understand. This insidious plan is taught them by their employers, the Jesuits. They are well aware mankind are ready to believe this, even of the greatest of our species; how easy, then, to make believe of the friendless, humble, Copernicus at his labor of love, watching the stars pass the hole in his humble dwelling, Columbus endeavouring to teach mankind the true form of the earth; Harvey, after discovering the circulation of the blood; or the immortal Jenner, after his great boon to humanity, are a few out of the many facts that could be named for the truth of the above assertion.

Let us glance at the crimes of the greatest secret societies of history, their rise, their suppression, and their punishment. History (says Bolingbroke) is philosophy teaching by example. The most wicked secret societies that have disgraced humanity and insulted religion by blasphemous orgies, and placed themselves antagonistic to all good government, are undoubtedly the Bacchanalians of ancient Rome, the Assassins of Persia and Syria among the Mahomedans, and the Templars and other orders created amongst the Christians to uphold the Papacy.

Foremost among the wise rulers that the brilliant pen of the immortal Livy has left for our example, stands the Consul Postumius Albinus.

"A Greek of mean extraction," says Livy, "came first into

Etruria, skilled in none of the arts which that most learned of all nations has devoted to the culture of the mind and body, but a sacrificer and a soothsayer; not that he spread his doctrine by public teaching, or filling the mind with a sacred horror, but as the president of secret and nocturnal sacrifices. At first but few were initiated; afterwards, however, the people were admitted. In order to attract the mind, wine and banquets were added to religious sacrifices, when the intoxication of the wine, night, the mixture of the sexes, and of youth and age, had extinguished every shadow of shame, vice and corruption of all kind burst forth, everyone having at hand the means of gratifying his desires. There was not merely one species of vice, and the mere promiscuous intercourse of noble youths and maidens, but also from this source proceeded false witness, false documents, false informations and accusations, poisoning, and secret murder, so secret, indeed, that even the bodies of the dead were not found for sepulture. Much was attempted by stratagem, but most by violence. Violence remained concealed, because in the midst of the yells, and noise of cymbals, and drums, the cries of the violated and the murdered could not be heard. The Consul Postumius had no sooner given intelligence to the Senate of the discovery of the existence and object of this secret society, than the latter adopted the most powerful measures for the safety of the State and the common weal, and proceeded against the members of the Bacchanalia as criminals against the State with the utmost rigor. The speech of the Consul to the people advised them to watch over the peril which threatened the State from the conspiracy of vice and religion. I am not sure (he said) that some of you may not have fallen into error, for nothing has a *more deceptive appearance* than corrupted religion. When the Deity is made a cloak for iniquity, the mind is seized with terror, lest in the punishment of human imposture, some Divine law may be transgressed. This unveiling of crime (says the learned Von Hammer) from which the mask of religion had been torn, and the rigor with which the Bacchanalians were persecuted, not only in Rome but also throughout Italy, with sword and exile, stifled in its birth the monster, whose increasing strength menaced the State with ruin. Thus we see this secret organisation rose when Pagan Rome was in her best days; the days from Hanibal to Gracchus, eulogised by Alison, our great historian, for its wisdom and energy.

According to that great Oriental scholar Von Hammer, the Ismalites,* the precursors of the Assassins, arose out of the disputed claim to the Mahomedan succession. When the Moslems had swept idolatry from Persia, and for the good of the people had substituted the Mahomedan doctrine in its place, then Abdallah, a learned and able Persian reared in the idolatry of his

*These must not be understood as the Ishmaelites, descendants of Abraham.

country, endeavoured by the overthrow of Mahomedanism to re-establish the old idolatry of Persia, and determined therefore by a deep-laid plan to undermine in secret that which he dare not attack openly. His system was to be enveloped in a veil of mystery, nor was it to appear in the face of day until it had succeeded in placing the sovereignty in the hands of his partizans. He promulgated his doctrines gradually, and divided them into seven degrees, after the fashion of the Pythagorean and Indian philosophers, the last degree inculcating the vanity of all religions. He appointed emissaries, whom he despatched to enlist disciples, and to initiate them according to their capacity for libertinism or turbulence in some or all of the degrees. The pretensions of the descendants of Mahomed served him as a political mask; these his missionaries asserted as partisans, while they were secretly but the apostles of crime and impiety. These secret societies, this curse of all good government, extended over Syria, and committed the greatest crimes, some of them in conjunction with the Templars. These Syrian assassins were exterminated by Egyptian and Syrian rulers, Saladin and Bibars, the citizens of Damascus rising and massacring for their crimes six thousand of this secret order in the city.

The assassins of Persia had been exterminated in that country; an order having been given to exterminate all the Ismalites, warriors went through the provinces and executed the fatal sentence without mercy or appeal. Wherever they found a disciple of the doctrines of the Ismalites, they compelled him to kneel down, and then cut off his head. The whole race of Kia Busurgomia, in whose descendants the grand mastership had been hereditary, were exterminated. The "devoted to murder" were not now the victims of the order's vengeance, but that of outraged humanity. The sword was against the dagger, and the executioner destroyed the murderer." *The crime had been terrible, but no less terrible was the punishment.*

The Templars, that great and wicked secret society; that jackal, or rather snake crawler for the great secret organisation of the Papacy, that, for nearly two hundred years, the order of the Templars legally existed, the history of this secret order is an history of the support of the arrogant pretensions of the Papacy, consequently when that great French monarch Philip the Fair had defended his people's rights successfully *against* and humbled the Papacy, his attention was directed to the crimes of this secret order. Co-equal with the late insidious attempt to re-establish the Papacy in well governed countries, so has there been an attempt to mislead the public mind as regards the history and crimes of this secret order of Templars. To show that this order, from its foundation, was a dishonorable, unchristian faction, pandering to the arrogant pretensions of the Papacy and its priests, the history of the twelfth and thirteenth century will plainly prove. Only a few years after the confirmation of this order by the Pope, it was found basely

betraying the secrets of the Christian conference to their Mahometan enemies ; that it was found in league with the deadly order of the Assassins, to basely and treacherously surprise Damascus, and for a small tribute that they thought was going to escape them, they perpetrated the infamous act of murdering an envoy, and that envoy accredited by his prince to the King of Jerusalem to offer to become a Christian. It is curious to observe, that from the time this secret society of Templars was confirmed by the Pope, and under Hugh De Payens, their first Grand Master, interfered with the Christians of the East, and substituted an insidious policy for the open but mistaken zeal of the crusaders, so from that time the Christian power in the East declined, until they were finally driven from there.

Amongst the secret orders calling themselves Christians and committing crime insidiously, there is this difference to other secret orders, that they have labored more successfully to commit crime and preserve the secret.

When, in 1782, Ferdinand the Sixth abolished the Sicilian Inquisition, he declared it had been ever hateful to the people, disobedient to the sovereign, and hostile to the laws, his Majesty marked a confession of the Inquisitor-General that "the inviolable secret is the soul of the Inquisition," and we can only account for the obstinacy of the Grand Master in refusing to confess to the crimes of the order by his desire to keep the secret, the celebrated letter written by the Pope to the King of England on the 22nd of November, 1307, assuring him that the Master of the Temple had confessed that the brethren, on their admission, denied Christ ; and that others had acknowledged to the crimes laid to the charge of the order. No greater proof could be found for the uselessness of these orders as a military body, than a comparison between the much vaunted actions of these Templars in the East against the fanatic Mahomedans, and the brilliant feats of arms performed by small British armies at different times against the greatest leaders and best troops of the most warlike nations of the followers of Mahomed. Selfishness, under the name of religion, was the lever of action in the one ; obedience and self-denial in the other was the order of experience conducive to success.

The great ecclesiastical writer Mosheim, when speaking of the Christians being driven from the East, says of causes — "We must not seek for them either in the councils or in the valour of the infidels, but in the dissensions that reigned in the Christian armies, in the profligate lives of those who called themselves the champions of the cross, and in the ignorance and obstinacy, the avarice and insolence of the Pope's legates." (Mosheim, century 13, chap. 1.) And, when speaking of the growth of infidelity in this age, he says — "Persons of this character, when they fixed their attention only upon that absurd system of religion which the Roman pontiffs and their

dependants exhibited as the true religion of Christ, and maintained by the odious influence of bloody persecution, were, for the want of the means of being better instructed, unhappily led to consider the Christian religion as a fable invented and propagated by a greedy and ambitious priesthood, in order to fill their coffers and to render their authority respectable." (Mosheim, century 13, chap. 2.) Furthermore, Mosheim, when speaking of a stop at last being put to Popish arrogance, says—"Pope Boniface sent Phillip the haughtiest letters imaginable, in which he asserted that the King of France, with all other kings and princes whatsoever, were obliged by a divine command to submit to the authority of the Popes, as well in all political and civil matters as in those of a religious nature. The king answered him with great spirit, and in terms expressive of the utmost contempt. The Pope rejoined with more arrogance than ever; and in that famous Bull, *unam sanctam*, which he published about this time, asserted that Jesus Christ had granted a twofold power to his Church, or in other words, the spiritual and temporal sword; that he had subjected the whole human race to the authority of the Roman Pontiff, and that whoever dared to disbelieve it, were to be deemed heretics, and stood excluded from all possibility of Salvation. The king and his ministers drew up an accusation against the Pope; the Pope in return excommunicated the French King, who afterwards held an Assembly of the States of his kingdom; where he again employed some persons of the highest rank and reputation amongst the legal profession to sit in judgment upon the Pope, and appeal to a general council. By this firmness and wise procedure he all but abolished the Papacy; for soon after he sent the celebrated lawyer, William de Nogaret, with some others into Italy, who seized the Pope's person, and soon after removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, in France.

Throughout these struggles between the Pope and the civil power of France, the Templars in France sided with the Pope against their native land; and is another instance of the folly of men expecting good government, who allow an *imperium in imperio* to exist in their midst.

It would be foreign to my purpose to give a detailed account of the atrocities committed by this secret order, but merely to show the truth of the charges their accusers have brought against them, and the justness of their punishment. History proves against them the infamous act of their treacherous writing to the Egyptian Sultan. That generous Mahometan scorning to take advantage of such treachery, re-sent the letter to the Christian monarch, who, on his return to Europe seized the property of the order, for which he was again excommunicated by the Pope for so doing. It is well known to readers of history, that the great and virtuous Sultan Saladin abhorred this order for its secret crimes. These are some of the charges brought against them by a Templar, and according to the decision of the best legal opinion in France, substantiated.

Each Templar, on his own admission, was sworn never to quit the order, and to further its interest by right or by wrong. The temple houses are the receptacles of every crime and abomination that can be committed. Many statutes of the order are unlawful, profane, and contrary to the Christian religion ; the members are therefore forbidden, under pain of perpetual confinement, to reveal them to any one.

No vice or crime committed for the honour or benefit of the order is held to be a sin.

The patriotic King of France and his ministers went to work boldly and secretly to arrest the criminals and bring them to justice ; and nearly all the Templars were arrested the same day, in France. On the following day the heads of the secret order were examined ; several doctors of the University of Paris were appointed by this wise king to sit with the clergy assembled with the royal ministers to investigate the charges brought against this secret order. The University of Paris was distinguished throughout Europe for the intellectual attainments of its professors. The heads of this secret order, who were arrested, confessed to the guilt of the order for forty years. The king now published an act of accusation against the criminals, in which he says, the deeds, the very words alone of this secret society are enough to pollute the earth and affect the air, &c., &c. ; but it required all the energy of this great king and his ministers to bring the culprits to justice. These secret societies pandered to the arrogant pretensions of the Papacy, who in their turn winked at the Templars' wickedness. But the fate of Pope Boniface was too recent to be forgotten, and to a certain extent Pope Clement went with the stream ; but afterwards the crippled Papacy obstructed this great king in every way they could. But in May, 1308, this great king convoked an Assembly of the States of his kingdom, and obtained from them the memorable declaration of his right to punish notorious criminals, or heretics as they were termed in those days, without the consent of the Pope ; and in which he was called on to act with rigor against the Templars. Through the exertions of this great king the order was now abolished. The Pope also appointed a commission to take information against it, the Papal commission was composed of the clerical body. From the time of the appointment of a commission by the Pope, we see the criminals take heart and attempt to foil justice. This commission entered on its investigation on the 7th of August, 1309, that the Templars should be cited before them in the November following. The citations were to be published in presence of the people and clergy, of cathedrals, churches and schools, in the principal houses of the order, and in the prisons where the criminals were confined. No one appearing new citations were issued—again they were treated with contempt. At length the Bishop of Paris was called in by the commissioners to go himself to the prisons

where the heads of the order were confined, and notify it to them, and, having done so, to cause the same notification to be made known throughout the diocese. I have mentioned these things to show this secret society's contempt of the law when they found a clerical commission was appointed. After some time the master of the order was brought before the commissioners. He was asked whether he would defend the order or speak for himself. He replied by expressing his surprise that the Church should proceed with such precipitation in this case when the sentence relative to the Emperor Frederick was suspended for thirty-two years. Thus this head of a secret society, which had committed abominable crimes, placed himself on a level with a patriotic prince, who had openly struggled for his people's rights against the grasping, cruel Papacy.

The heads of this secret order now retracted their former confession, relying on their numbers, their wealth, and their knowledge that the Papacy was doing all they could to protect them; but, thanks to the great King of France and his patriotic ministers, and other law loving men, who would not suffer justice to be defeated by these secret orders absolving each other from their crimes. The Templars, who when first arrested, had confessed to their crimes; and afterwards when emboldened by the commission appointed by the Pope, had revoked that confession, and had undertaken the defence of the order; were brought before those patriotic Frenchmen, who preferred their country's prosperity, and fifty-four of the heads of this secret society of the Templars were condemned to the flames.

A quorum of the Papal commission assembled on the 21st of May, and declared their labor suspended until the 3rd of November; but the law was triumphant, for many Templars were arrested, tried, and executed, and their property confiscated.

I have been particular in exposing the crimes of this secret order, to put others on their guard against the false intrigues of mercenary writers who misrepresent history; for instance, "Colonel Proctor's History of Italy," where he uses these words, "Phillip the Fair of France, a monster of inhumanity, whose subsequent proscription of the Templars has doomed his memory to eternal opprobrium," &c. &c.; and "Maunder's Scientific and Literary Treasury." Now let us examine how this standard work is distorted. In one place, in his new dictionary of the "belles lettres," under the term Templars, or Knights of the Temple, he says, "For nearly 600 years this Order maintained an important character in Europe; in every nation it had a particular governor, called Master of the Temple, or of the Militia of the Temple; its riches became immense, a fact which among many others justifies the observations of Raynal, that, persons who have laid down rules for religious societies, have done so with a sole view of making holy men, but that they

have labored more directly and more effectually to make rich ones.* Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century the Templars were charged with leaning to Mohamedanism, and, in consequence, the Order was abolished under Pope Clement V., Edward II. of England, and Phillip the Fair of France. In 1307 all the members in England were arrested, and of these seven suffered at the stake. In 1312 the final suppression was effected by the Council of Vienne in France, by the direction of which fifty others of these persecuted men suffered death in the flames." Now, let us take this statement as reference, "for nearly 600 years this Order maintained an important character in Europe." Instead of 600 years, this Order did not exist 200 years, and it had the worst character for pride and arrogance amongst the religious orders. When Richard Cœur de Lion lay on his death-bed, in answer to the Bishop, who advised him to put away his three daughters whom he called voluptuousness, covetousness and pride, Richard replied, "I give my voluptuousness to the clergy, my covetousness I give to the Knights of St. John, and my pride I give to the Knights Templars." Instead of towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was towards the beginning of the *fourteenth* century, that the order of Templars was suppressed, and not until some of the best lawyers of Europe had *openly* judged them, and declared them guilty of the crimes laid to their charge. Thus they were not persecuted men, but criminals found guilty of insidious crimes, and justly suffered death for the same. I am aware that the great majority of mankind do not understand or are not aware of these historical facts, not even where there is called education, for the profound observation of Wordsworth to Emerson, that tuition is not education, must be apparent to any observing man. But as the secret espionage and treachery of the Papacy permeates through all society in the outskirts of the British empire and America, so this false perversion of history by pretended friends to truth is almost universal. In fact, we can scarcely take up a work (except a first class one) but we find history perverted to suit the dark designs of the retrograde party. As this secret society of the Templars emanated from the Assassins, according to the learned Von Hammer, so this society of Templars cradled the Freemasons, from being a body of skilled laborers, into a secret society, controlled by a secret society, and substituted for the simple English term "preserver of order," those Mahomedan titles that a mixture of vice with religion delights in.—(Livy). The Knights Templars superintended the Masons to build their temple in Fleet-street in 1155. Masonry continued under the patronage of this order until the year 1199, when the cowardly tyrant John succeeded his brother Richard on

* Say, rather, they have laid down rules with the sole view to create a priesthood and orders that should enslave the people, as the priesthood and caste have enslaved those of India; but that they have laboured more directly and more effectually to make the worst kind of robbers.

the throne of England. Peter de Colechurch was then appointed Grand Master. Throughout the reign of this odious king he was supported by the secret order in those tyrannical and slavish acts which he committed against the rising liberties of our country.

Let our local governments, supported by the organised patriots, and the majesty of the empire, put forth their power and exercise the functions of governments. Let a searching investigation be made how far secret societies have been abused ; and how far medical men and government officers have prostituted their professions. Sooner or later we, as a mercantile people, must come to this ; for we learn by late news from the East, that an influential Mahomedan was made a Freemason. If the Government of India allows an *imperium in imperio* to be established in their midst, which under the mask of philanthropy will spread disaffection and crime around, not all the wisdom of statesmen like Hastings and Wellesley, nor the heroism of a Lake, a Wellington, a Havelock, or a Campbell, can save her. It will neutralise the best efforts of our matchless soldiers ; and open a field for those Christian pretenders who, under the plea of founding Christian communities, will foster rebellion, and show their criminal hostility to the civil and religious liberties of Britain, by insidiously removing every truly Christian character that endeavours to labor in their midst.

A writer has observed : "He that writes against the abuses of his age, must trust to the generosity of the few for his bread, and the malice of the many for his fame"; but I hope no loyal colonist will take offence at this ; I wish to give no offence, but to proclaim the truth. This humble production of an obscure individual is written for the good of all, and to endeavour to root out that insidious crime that festers in a community where Popish chicanery prevails ; and to help to implant in this land of my adoption that noble system of justice between man and man, which is the pride of our fatherland and the boast of all true Britons.

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